THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1804.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. of Kingsland, to whose muse we are indebted for so many lively sallies, will find two of these poetical favours in the present number. One of the latest communications, we fear, has been irrecoverably mislaid. We should be glad to know where to address a letter to this ingenious correspondent.

Several other favours, from various correspondents, shall be inserted without delay.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Grouse Shooting.

Pub. Dec. 1. 1804 by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR NOVEMBER, 1804.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

An Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Painting of the Younger Sartorius.

THIS beautiful Plate, being the second of a new set of Engravings, on the subject of Shooting, we here present to our readers and customers. It will be followed by four others, though not, perhaps, in immediate succession, as the labours of the artist, Mr. Scott, are engaged on other Sporting Works, as well as our Magazine.

STAG HOUNDS—ROYAL CHASE.

IN all the details which have appeared in the public prints, respecting the remarkable run with the King's stag hounds, on Tuesday the 6th instant, it is singular that not one has given a just recital of circumstances as they occurred, or the termination of the day. It is true, the account given in the County Chronicle was accurately correct, so long as the chase lasted; but the writer was absolutely absent at the conclusion, or had, by choice or necessity, left the field before the finish of the day. Upon the stag's taking the Thames, near Shepperton, a most tremendous storm came on, which threatened to drown men, horses, and dogs, upon their arrival at the river side. In this awful predicament, self-preservation was recollected to be a most predominant principle of nature, and "Every man to his tent, O Israel!" became the order of the day.

The general declaration from his Majesty's subordinates was, that the deer had taken refuge in an osier island, situate nearly in the centre of the Thames; and it being at the moment getting dusk, the huntsman and yeomen prickers considered it most prudent to let him remain in his self-chosen shelter till morning, retiring themselves, with horses and hounds, to warm and comfortable accommodations at Chertsey.

When the morning, with mild and freshening gales arrived, every heart replete with eager expectation, a number of those present on the preceding day prepared for a renewal of sport with their devoted victim; in which they were, however, most curiously anticipated; for, upon their arrival at the spot, expecting immediately to unharbour their deer, to their inexpressible mortification, it was almost instantly discovered that he had *brushed*, or, in more sublime and expressive language, *was off*. In fact,

fact, the *River Gods*—yclept West Country Bargemen—so famed for "mirth and jollity," had most industriously contrived to stop the sport of the intentional pursuers, by introducing a sport of their own. They had just time, before the break of day, to despatch him in a cart, ready quartered, for the great market of gluttony; and it is by some positively asserted, that the haunches contributed to a city-feast of sumptuous celebrity, on the 9th. If so, it is to be regretted that his Lordship, who presided, was not made acquainted with the circumstance, as he might then have had an opportunity of recommending it to his noble guests, as Royal venison, hunted by his Majesty himself.

DRIFFIELD HUNT.

Falconers Hall.

ON Tuesday the 20th. inst. at eleven o'clock, each sportsman on the Wolds and around, who thought his horse superior in blood and speed, made his appearance at Foxholes. It was soon known that the Royal Hart Thornville, was at Col. Thornton's farm at Boythorpe, whither the company drew. At ten minutes before twelve, Sir Mark Sykes, the Driffield hunt, and horsemen in number about a hundred—a very manageable field—being all ready, Col. Thornton ordered the door of the pen to be thrown open, and the hart made his appearance, but took quite a contrary direction from what was wished; he seemed fat, sleek, and modest; he soon, however, bounded over a pretty high fence, and took Boythorpe Great Sheep Walk, and seeing the hounds at a distance, —who luckily did not see him—he went away gallantly up to Falconers Hall Great Whin-bed, and as he now was seen about two or three miles forward, the steady hound Consul was laid on the scent to drive him, so that he might not loiter; the pack in twenty minutes were then brought to the line, and a finer or more sharp burst was never seen than what took place through Sir Mark Sykes's high wood, Butterwick Wold, and across that extensive fine turf Sherburn Wold. Consul had got up to him, but he soon disengaged himself, by knocking him over, and bounding the fence.

Here the pack were stopped, and the horses allowed twenty minutes to breathe; they then were permitted to go on, and another sharp burst took place in Sir Mark Sykes's plantations. A greyhound and a mongrel mastiff coming out of the cover, made it clear they had run the hart, and possibly killed him; for the hounds did not acknowledge any scent farther. After much search in the upper and lower covers, the hound Modish, one of Old Conqueror's blood, at last gave tongue, and immediately from a thicket out bounded the hart; Modish attempted to seize him, but was knocked down by the deer; she attacked him again, when he bounded over the fence. The burst was most tremendous. He took the wide Wold over Heslerton; descended the brow, the whole pack at his haunches, and in the act of snapping at him; dashed through East and West Heslerton townships, across Knapton Warren, seemingly for to take soil at Scampston; bent eastward across the Scarborough road for the river at Yedingham, where he got into a pool, and there defended himself bravely against the hounds till secured.

Thus ended a long expected chace, which for speed and run over the finest turf, has no parallel. The hounds all the way were in a compact

compact body, and might have been covered with a sheet. It is expected that the extremity of the run could not be less than fifteen miles and the whole run about twenty-five miles. The hart returned on Thursday to his pen, apparently no worse for the sport he had afforded. In the ardour of the chase, and with a view to save the hart from the fury of the hounds, Mr. H. Boynton, Mr. Burton, and a farmer, got some severe falls, but luckily no contusions or broken bones took place.

FOX HUNTING—BERKELEY HOUNDS.

ON Thursday, the 1st instant, the Berkeley hounds began their season, under a most opulent and respectable subscription. Upon the arrival of their principal members, and the usual congratulations at the pleasure of meeting, upon so joyous an occasion, the hounds threw off at Harefield Common, and continued to draw the various coverts from thence to Batcher Heath, without success; when a general voice prevailing for Ryslip Coppice, in drawing from which, through the Park—after having drawn upwards of three hours without a drag—they unkennelled in high style, to the exulting gratification of every desponding sportsman in the field. After a ring or two, with the hounds close at him in covert, he—having, no alternative—broke boldly, and, crossing Ryslip Common in view, reached the coppice, which running through without a stop, he covered the intervening enclosures to the coverts at Batcher, and Mr. Barnard's pleasure grounds, at one burst, before they came to a check: this being of short duration, the old and leading hounds presently hit him, and going away breast high, over Harefield Common, and through Harefield Park, to a small covert in its environs: where the pack was for once beat, after a rattling run of more than an hour, through a country little less than knee deep.

HARRIERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

KNOWING you occasionally allot a small portion of your entertaining miscellany for the insertion of sporting intelligence, the following may not prove unacceptable to your numerous readers. The well-known pack of harriers, kept by that excellent sportsman, Robert Andrew, Esq. of Harlestone-Park, Northamptonshire, had, on Monday last, one of the severest days perhaps ever recorded so early in the season. After two very good runs, killing the first hare, and pressing the second in such a degree as to compel her to seek refuge in a drain, the proprietor, with his wonted discrimination —the ground being foiled—ordered the hounds to a gorse covert, in the lordship of East Haddon, where they immediately found. Puss, disdaining the prescribed circles generally taken by her timid race, boldly challenged the fleet warblers to a trial of strength over an extent of country apparently strange to each other, leaving and dispersing, for a considerable period, even the swiftest horses of the field. After traversing an unusual distance—which your limits will not allow me to describe—she bent her course towards Althorp Park, making three desperate efforts to ascend the wall, which her strength not enabling her to accomplish, she directed her course to her once-fancied peaceful habitation.

habitation, but where she was not suffered to remain many seconds, the voice of her pursuers resounding from all quarters. Deeming her safety in flight, again she broke covert; and after an hour and twenty minutes most severe running, fortune decreed her a respite in the fall of a very heavy shower of rain. I should add, that the diversion was circumscribed to a small number of sportsmen, and that a well-bred valuable mare, rode by the huntsman, died in a few hours after the last run. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

A Partaker of the Sport.

EXTRAORDINARY RUN OF THE YORKSHIRE LAP-DOG BEAGLES.

THE above beagles found a hare on Saturday the 17th. inst. near Major Topham's, who took the finest part of the whole Wold, over Wold Newton, Carsdale Race Course, Fordon Banks, Flixton, Brompton, Saxton, Flotmanby, came across part of Hunmanby, Flixton, Fordon, and was killed —without a check for nearly twenty miles—near to North-Burton. All the field were thrown out, except the Huntsman, who came in by accident.

COURSING.

ESSEX.—On Friday, the 2d instant, was decided, at Havering Park, Essex, the match so long expected, between a favourite red bitch, called Smut, the property of T. Burley, Esq. and a well-known black bitch, Fly—half sister to Needle—in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Wiseman. In the two first courses, there did not seem the least advantage obtained on either side. During the first course—says our correspondent—Dr. Wiseman's bitch made the first and second turns; but Mr. Burley's had the credit to kill. In the second, Dr. Wiseman's bitch made a most perfect display of superiority, in sagacity, speed, and perseverance, having made every turn, and killed by herself. The match, of course, was decided in her favour.

SURRY.—On Tuesday, the 6th inst. Mr. Durand gave a grand coursing day on Epsom Downs, to a number of his sporting friends out of the counties of Middlesex and Hertford, who brought with them a selection of the choicest dogs the country can produce.

The weather proving extremely favourable, a great concourse of people attended, and never was a finer day's sport witnessed. The gentlemen met on the Downs about ten o'clock, and the first hare was started half an hour afterwards, when an excellent course took place between Mr. Harrison's red dog, and a favourite dog belonging to Mr. North; decided in favour of Mr. Harrison.

Second Course.—Mr Luff's red dog against Mr Harrison's tried bitch, which proved an excellent match; after much hesitation, the superiority was decided in favour of the bitch.

Third.—Mr Durand's Leader against Mr. Allen's yellow dog, Spring; undecided.

Fourth.—Mr Durand's bitch, Miss, against Mr Bridge's brown dog; the bitch made a capital course, the dog never saw the hare.

Fifth.—Mr Woodman's red dog, Smoker, against Mr North's black dog, Dash; so nice a point that the superiority could not be decided.

Sixth.—Mr North's bitch, Lady, against Mr Goldsmith's white dog, Spring; a long chase; the dogs

dogs were out of sight when the hare was killed; undecided.

Seventh.—Mr Woodman's red bitch, Fly, against Mr Durand's Triller, black bitch: Triller won.

Eighth.—Mr Oxby's Spring against Mr B—'s brindled bitch, Pharo; Mr Oxby won.

Ninth.—Mr Luff's black bitch against Mr Bridge's brown dog; won by Mr Luff.

Tenth.—Mr Ashby's red dog against Mr Durand's famous black bitch Needle; an excellent course; Needle won,

Eleventh.—Mr Durand's Juggler against Mr B—'s brindled bitch; Juggler won.

Twelfth.—Mr Durand's Leader against Mr Allen's yellow dog Spring; won by Spring.

Thirteenth.—Mr Durand's black dog Leader against Mr Harrison's red dog; won by Leader.

Fourteenth.—Mr Durand's red dog Claret against Mr North's black dog Dash; won by Dash.

Fifteenth.—Mr Woodman's bitch Fly against Mr Ambly's black dog Driver; Driver won.

Sixteenth.—Mr Luff's Nelson against Mr Harrison's bitch; undecided.

Mr Durand's blue bitch Fanny against Mr Woodman's Fly; a famous match; undecided.

Mr Ashby's red dog against Mr Oxby's blue bitch; Mr Oxby won.

There were several other courses by inferior dogs.

Mr. Durand took great pains to find amusement for the day. Several men were employed the preceding night to stop the holes of the warren, to prevent the hares finding shelter in them; in consequence an unusual number of hares were started; it was supposed not fewer than twenty brace in the course of the morning—half of the number at least were killed.

To prevent that confusion and disorder which generally prevail in the field on occasions like the present, eight gentlemen sportsmen were chosen out of the number of Mr. Durand's friends, and nominated finders. They preceded the rest of the company, and the dogs, with yellow ribbons in their hats, by way of distinction, and found their game in high style, as might be expected from old practitioners.

The day's sport closed at four o'clock.

Uffington Meeting.—Uffington first coursing meeting was on Wednesday, Nov. 14th, at which a great number of gentlemen were assembled to witness the long depending match between Mr Molyneux's dog, Lygnum, and Mr T. L. Meire's dog, Smoaker, which was won in very good style by Mr Meire's dog.

The following were the principal courses:—

Mr Molyneux's bitch against Mr Williams's dog; won by Mr Williams.

Mr Bishton's bitch, Gossip, against Mr John Jones's dog; won by Gossip; a very excellent course.

Mr Burton's red bitch against Mr Browne's dog, Friday; won by Mr Burton; a very good course.

Mr Browne's dog agst Mr Wynne's bitch, Blue; won by Blue.

The match was then run between Mr Molyneux and Mr Meire; after which a most severe course between Mr Jones's dog, Smuggler, and Mr Molyneux's dog, Regulus, undecided. There were several other courses, but the day proving unfavourable, we were not enabled to get the particulars.

Malton Meeting.——First day, Nov. 6.—The prize cup, as the first thing of the meeting, was run for over Duggleby Wold, and was won as under:—

Mr Webb's brindled bitch 1
Mr Slingsby's black dog 2

Major

Major Topham's white bitch . . . 3
Mr Plumer's brindled dog 4

The two last dogs, from the number of horsemen crossing the ground, had a bad start; and the last scarcely saw the hare. The hare made no run.

About ten matches were run—but the hares running badly, did not afford much sport.

Second Day.—Sir M. Masterman Sykes's fox hounds threw off at Housham Woods—No run.

On Langton Wold there was some private coursing. Lord Middleton produced some very fine greyhounds, and beat, with a very beautiful blue bitch, Mr Webb's—the winner of the cup—after a very severe course.

Third Day.—A bye cup was run for, and won as under:—

Mr Dartley's brindled dog, Dart, got by Snowball, out of Dent . . 1
Mr Slingsby's dog 2
Mr Thomson's dog 3
Mr Henry Boynton's dog 4

The day was so foggy, that there was no sport.

Mr Croft's brindled dog, Tiger, beat Mr Plumer's brindled bitch.

Mr Croft's white bitch, Fly, beat Mr Slingsby's bl. bitch, Swallow.

Mr Plumer beat Mr Broadley—two matches.

Mr Topham's bitch beat Mr Slingsby's dog.

Mr Croft's beat Sir M. M. Sykes's.

Mr Plumer's black dog, Skip, beat Mr Croft's black dog.

Mr Slingsby's black dog, Shylock, beat Mr Webb's black bitch, Zebra.

Mr Grimston's blue and white dog, Dart, beat Mr Richmond's bitch, Swallow.

Mr Richmond's black dog, Shark, beat Mr Grimston's b. dog, Doncaster.

Mr Croft's black dog, Flip, beat Mr Thompson's red and white dog, Catch.

Mr Croft's dog, Tommy, beat Mr Slingsby's red dog.

Lord Middleton beat Major Topham—four matches.

Major Topham beat Lord Middleton—one match.

Three matches paid forfeit—five matches undecided—and six off by consent.

There are upwards of thirty matches already made to be run in February next.

The meeting has been the largest that has been remembered for some years. The accommodations at Smith's inn, Malton, in every respect, were completely good. Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. was the president.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.

A LONG pending match against time was, on Friday the 23d inst. performed by Lieut. Sketchley, an officer in the Army of Defence, for a considerable wager. This match has been in agitation for some months; the pedestrian having offered a wager that he would go to Maidenhead Bridge, and return to his house in town, in eight hours and a quarter, a distance of fifty-two miles and some poles. Mr. S. started from his house in Conduit-street, at five o'clock yesterday morning, and crossed the country for Burnham, Bucks, where he halted a few seconds, and arrived at the place of destination at a quarter before nine, and returned by the turnpike road, and arrived at his house in town at five minutes past one, having performed the feat in ten minutes less than the given time. Mr. S. halted on his way home for a few minutes, at a public house at Beaulieu. Considerable betts were pending on the performance.

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE
FROM
SALISBURY TO BATH.

Farewell to Sarum—Sergeant Darley—Warminster Market—The Sentimental Farmer—Milford in the Vale—The Old Wife of Claverton—The Haunts of Bladud—Beechen Cliff—My set down, &c.

O let me, thro' life, as new objects appear—
T' ambition and soul-tainting av'rice unknown—
Humanity!—soften the sigh and the tear,
Nor suffer, unpitied, the wretched to moan.

The dish of the rustic—Peace, hand it to me—
I tremble that Lux'ry should sit at my board;
Yet the tables of Plenty I'm happy to see,
When the viands provoke not the gout of my lord.

FAREWELL TO SARUM.

"FAREWELL!" said I, "to Sarum," as I paced its ample market-place at an early hour. "Farewell! thou city of living waters. The hills which surround thee, enclose the theatres of wisdom! the temples of beauty! of plenty! and of honest patriotism!—may thy manufactures forever flourish, and no hostile hand pollute thy fountains of health." I was thus ejaculating, when my recollection directed me to cast a look on the spot where James the Second meanly crouched to the father of the man he had unjustly murdered.

When the phantoms, by which that monarch had been so long deluded, vanished from his sight; when his army distrusted his conduct, and his parliament filled his mind with unpleasant apprehensions; and when his own children melted from his side like chaste snow from the rugged mountains, James abandoned his throne without providing for its safety; and coming to this city, called an assembly of the peers, to advise with him in his extremities. Passing to this council, the king met the old Duke of Bedford, father to the patriotic and unfortunate Lord Russell, when, stopping his Grace, James thus addressed him—

"My Lord, you are a very good man, and have much interest with the peers, and can do me great service this day in the council—I pray you, my Lord, use your influence." "I am an old man," replied the Duke, "and can do but little; but," added he—while the tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks—"I had once a son, who could have served your majesty upon this occasion;" and thus saying, placed his handkerchief to his face, and pressed on to the assembly. James for a moment became motionless; for the recollection of Russell's murder rushed upon his tortured mind, and bent him to despair. "Farewell," said I, "to the shades of Sarum." I passed its homely bridge, and cheerfully took the road to Warminster. Not a cloud was seen in the heavens; the heat increased with the hours; and, I verily believe, in the course of my existence, I had never felt so hot a day. It was to me, a figure inclined to corpulency, a perfect sudorific—the whole face of the way was like the floor of a flour-mill; and if a breeze did but steal abroad, it was only ill-naturedly to disturb the dust, and cause it to offend the eye-sight.

SERGEANT DARLEY.

I had travelled thus for about eight miles, when I beheld a fine young woman before me with two children,

children, one strapped on each of her hips, whilst her arms seemed to embrace them most tenderly—they were twin buds of one parent rose. "How far, young woman," said I, "have you carried these pretty burdens?" "From Flanders, Sir," she replied, "but I have only borne them this day from Salisbury."—"What!" I returned, "could you find no friend in Sarum to help you and the children to the waggon?" "We have lost our best friend," she rejoined, "and will, I fear, never find such another." As she spoke she sighed, and the bright beads of sorrow started in her eyes, and now they stood upon her cheeks like the morning dew-drops upon the carnation. After a pause, during which I felt as much as herself, I said, "and, pray, to what place are you bound?" "To Frome, in Somersetshire: my father is a clothier in that town," was her reply." "And how came you to go to Flanders, my dear?" "About two years since," she answered, "a party came to our town to recruit the army, when my husband, with many others, soon entered, and were marched eastward. His fine figure and good behaviour quickly recommended him to the notice and respect of his superiors, and my husband was made a sergeant in the Coldstream regiment. I had permission to follow him with the Duke of York to the siege of Valenciennes, where my husband, after receiving many wounds, was made a prisoner. The French surgeon who dressed him, behaved with all possible tenderness; and, at his request, I was permitted to attend him. I had not long been brought to-bed of these infants—here she kissed them most affectionately—when I was sent for. I gave him all the attention I could, and administered all things with my own hand, for he would suffer no one else to come near him. He was in a fair way—as I thought—of recovery, and I was happy to find him so; but, alas! a relapse came upon him, and he suddenly expired. After the surrender of the place, I was sent to Antwerp; and from thence, by the bounty of the officers, I came to my native country. In Salisbury I parted with my last penny for subsistence; but if I can reach Frome to-day, I have a good father there, who will rejoice to see me return, and be a friend to my children. I wish it were not so hot," continued she, "for I am ready to faint, and I fear I must look out for a barn to rest myself till the cool of the morning." "And pray, young woman," said I, "what was your husband's name?" "Sergeant Darley!" she replied. By this time we entered a village, and arriving at the door of a public house, I requested her to sit on the bench and take refreshment, for which I would cheerfully pay. Just over our heads—the sign was the White Swan—a board had been painted, to give notice to strangers that all vagrants, or persons not having a settled habitation, or visible business or employment, were not to *bide* in that town on pain of correction; and a reward was offered by the justice of the district to apprehend all persons coming under such description, &c.

The poor girl had taken a little food, and was drinking of the mug of ale, when a tall, broad-brimm'd ill-looking fellow came from the house nearly opposite.

"All but mercy seem'd to sit beneath
his beaver."

This being was the justice of the peace. He turned towards my travelling friend, as she was shifting the cooling cup from the lips of one babe to the other, and, with the greatest brutality, told her to make haste with

with her brats out of the parish, for they should not become chargeable there, or any such vagrants. At this moment—not yet acquainted with his consequence—I began to remonstrate in favour of the poor woman. "Ha! ha!" said his worship, braying not much unlike the beast that betrayed Pan, "you travellers are very kind one to the other; I suppose she has done you a favour upon the road, and you are endeavouring to return her civilities by speaking in her behalf; but it won't do:—come, mistress, you must take up your bundles, and be gone." "Why, thou unmannerly brute," I cried, with some warmth, "the woman is as chaste, for me, as thy wife and daughter: she is the widow of a brave man, who, in the service of England, has left his bones in Flanders. She was fainting, and I but yielded her the comfort that one human being should yield another. Is this the reward her offspring is to meet with for the loss of their father in the field of blood?" By this time one of his worship's creatures, who stood in fear of this western hydra, came up, and told me I did not know to whom I was talking—it was the justice himself. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "that the name of justice should be thus prostituted." "Ha! ha! John," cried the brute, "and I'll commit him too if he be saucy, for all his *pig's tail* and *knuckledabs*." I found it strewing pearl to offer argument to a being less qualified to receive it than his sheep or oxen; so payed for the beverage, and, with the insulted widow, turned from a place of so little hospitality. My road not bearing the way she meant to go, we parted: and, as she went, most ardently entreated me, if ever I came to Frome, to call on Master Stokes, her father, who would gladly entertain me for her sake.

How much it is to the discredit of this, or any other government, when *gentlemen* are not put in commission for the peace? What an insult to justice, when power is delegated to creatures who have less commiseration than the dogs that surrounded the fainting Lazarus?—Go, Pride, wrap thyself in the furs of fashion, trimm'd by folly, but slander me not; waste thy contumely on thine own species—This woman was the wife of a brave young man, who gave his life for his country, and I only made somewhat lighter the burden of her miseries.

The heavens became suddenly clouded, the showers fell, and favoured by the cooling breezes, after some fatigue, and an adventure so singular, I merrily entered the town of

WARMINSTER,

Which is the great corn depot for the western part of England, and perhaps the best situated of any town to serve the public in this division of the kingdom, because it nearly divides four of its principal counties; Hampshire and Wiltshire to the east, Somerset and Devonshire to the west. From the two first, Warminster markets receive the superflux of grain the land raises, which is said to be three times more than the inhabitants thereon consume; and this being chiefly distributed to the lower counties, which consume three times more than they produce, enables Warminster to keep up that happy equilibrium, without which many unpleasant difficulties must ensue. The town is long and straggling; and, except its market, has but little to recommend it. At the northern extremity rises a noble obelisk, directing the stranger to the different towns of import within twenty miles of that station. I now took

H 2 the

the way to Bath, resolving to reach that city before night. The morning showers had refreshed the plants, the dust was no more perplexing, and, all nature according with my desires, I was presently in sight of Philip's Norton, the stoney entrance to Somersetshire;

Where winds the way thro' vallies ever
sweet—
Another Petra to the trav'ller's feet.

THE SENTIMENTAL FARMER.

In my way from Philip's Norton, I had to pass through an orchard becrimsoned with ripe cherries, where I perceived a single ewe feeding by three new-yeaned lambs, of which she appeared to be the parent. I could not help staying a while to remark on the tenderness of the mother, and the sportful economy of her offspring. They were particularly strong and lively, bounding round their dam like white feathers put in motion by the breezes: but the satisfaction I felt at this pleasing sight was presently damped by an accident of an unexpected nature. Some one had carelessly left uncovered the curb of a spring well, and, in their playfulness, one of the fleecy family slipped into the vacuity. I flew to release it, and was fortunate enough to save its life. As I was raising the emblem of innocence from the fountain, the farmer, who had beheld the accident from his window, came running towards me. I told him how the thing happened, and described to him the pleasure I felt in being the means of preserving its existence. "Friend," replied the man, "you have done me one favour, and I must request of you to do me another; it is only to walk with me into the house, and refresh yourself till the heat becomes less powerful." I complied, and we left this forest of fruit trees; and passed through a gate that led to his quiet mansion.

The roof was low, but it was expansive; the premises had been newly thatched, and the front of the dwelling as white as a new-caught ermine. A porch projected from its centre, over which spread a wall fig-tree full of delicious fruit: the branches were also interwoven with a woodbine, and here and there the silver blossoms of the jessamine made their appearance. The martins, in great numbers, had given the preference to this sylvan retreat; for their little rusticated habitations were so thick as to crowd one on the back of the other, while the motly owners were flying cheerfully to the meadows, and returning, on trembling wings, with food for their expectant little ones. Before the house was an ample garden, well stored with all things for pleasure and for culinary consumption.

No church-yard yew was fashion'd by the
shears,
Like wig, full-bottom'd, o'er the curate's
ears;
No flying peacocks—that the clowns
might stare—
The gard'ner's want of taste had figur'd
there:
But, true to Nature, nothing was forgot
For food, for physic, or the kitchen's lot;
And these his greatest comfort was to
send
To crown the table of some distant
friend:
For well he ween'd—a doctrine hardly
known—
Man was not model'd for himself alone.

At the bottom was a running water from a distant spring, and a commodious bridge thrown over from the gate-way to a meadow that led to the high road. At the back of this peaceful mansion was a hill, gently rising, and well covered with lofty oaks, which, though they shut out the prospect in summer,

mer, defend it from the north-easterly winds of surly winter. Such was the external state of the farmer's house, which, like the painted outside of a show-box to a school-boy, gave me an unconquerable desire to see the beauties within; and this the farmer perceiving, kindly led me to his best room, where, without waiting for orders, a female servant covered the table with sweetness and with plenty, and we sat down together with as little ceremony as two brothers of the same house. The fare was plain, but it was renovating, as were the sentiments of my new-found friend; and, after a little space, I had time to remark on the interior adornments of the cabin of my retention. The flooring was of brick work, laid together in a most artful manner, and all around me, except the white ceiling, was of a straw-colour, but the adornments the most singular I had ever beheld. Over the fire-place, half a dozen fowling pieces were neatly disposed, and below a couple of sleeping pointers of a beautiful breed. In the great window opposite, the branches of a grape vine had been purposely let in, and expanded in a most prolific and luxuriant manner.

"Thus he rejoiced beneath his own vine and fig-tree."

From an half-opened closet, a few good books shewed their homely coverings; and beneath, several bottles of unexcised home-made nectar. On each of the other two parallel walls the painter had described three oval compartments, adorned about with simple field-flowers, and within, in silver letters on an azure field, the following singular sentiments:—

TO THE POWERFUL.

The pursuits of humanity add more to the lustre of a crown than the vain projects of sanguinary ambition: and the lute of charity yields music sweeter to the soul than the clarions of victory.

TO THE PROFLIGATE.

The profligate makes a great feast, but only the mean man partakes of it: the noble minded resist the temptation, even though it only hastens the ruin of a fool!

TO THE DEPENDANT.

In summer 'tis shame to rise after the lark,
Or to join in the revels after the dark.

TO THE GLUTTON.

An acorn nourishes more than the table spread with dainties, when, for such viands, the writ of the law sends the bailiff.

TO THE VAIN.

The children of vanity are pride and folly: a wise man shuns their company, and lives respected.

TO ALL MEN.

Every man is our brother—relieve want if you can: if you cannot, add not insult to misery.

I could not help admiring these unfashionable and singular adornments. My comment was so much in their favour, that we entered more generally into the manners of the age we live in, but our conclusions were little to their credit. From these subjects we glanced to domestic felicity. The farmer told me he had been some time a widower, but had known no great share of comfort since the death of his poor dame; that he had several sons and daughters, whom he, with great pains and care, had fitted well for the world; that they were settled, in comfort, away from him; but, from an over-attachment to pride and to fashionable pursuits, they were become more the slaves

of

of folly than the votaries of affection. "But no more of them, Sir," continued he, "it will be their turn next to complain; and we must all meet with disappointments in our journey, you know.—Come, Sir," continued he, filling the glasses, "here is a bottle of the best currant-wine in the county, and I will give you—

"Peace to the world, and that speedily."

After a most liberal and comfortable refreshment, he walked with me to the high road, where we parted; and I sincerely wished all the comforts of the world to this humane and sentimental farmer.

MITFORD IN THE VALE.

Entertaining myself with the pleasures of imagination, I passed through a delightful country, till I came to Mitford in the Vale, where, I know not how, but I was charmed by the surrounding objects, as if my fancy had been bound by the Abracadabra of some powerful sorceress, and still more so, as I clambered the mountain to the gothic mansion of Mr. Pugh, which, from below, has the appearance of a castle in the air. He who had dipped deep into antient romance, might here conceive himself the weary pilgrim, journeying up the rude windings of a rock, supported only by his palmer's staff, to wind the bugle hanging at the gate of the knight, to claim refreshment and hospitality. Such were the ideas which afforded me entertainment: but when I arrived at the castle gate, the charm was broken, and indignation succeeded; for, instead of *siste viator*, a large board was fastened to the entrance, on which was inscribed—"Let no one trespass on these premises, for here are man-traps and spring-guns placed within."

I turned my back on the inhospitable advertisement, and journeyed slowly over a wide down, covered, in many places, with thick clumps of fir-trees, planted at the sole expence of the late celebrated Mr. Allen, of Prior-Park, whose generosity and unparalleled attachment to the city of Bath, its inhabitants must ever remember with the highest sense of gratitude.—Finding myself somewhat weary in ascending this rugged mountain, I entered a small pot-house on Claverton Down, where, after the charms of a mug of good ale, and the recital of the following whimsical incident by the exciseman, I found myself ready for new adventures.

THE OLD WIFE OF CLAVERTON.

"The husband of an old woman in this parish," said he, "being extremely ill, she affectionately tramped over to Bath to seek advice of an eminent physician, who patiently heard her husband's case, remitted his fee, and gave her a prescription for a box of pills. *In idoneo vehiculo sumendæ.* This the old lady took to a druggist, who, having dispensed it, wrote on the label a literal translation of the direction. "*To be taken in a proper vehicle.*" Returned to her cottage, she produced her treasure, and putting on her spectacles, perused the mandate annexed to the pill-box. All was perfectly intelligible save the word *vehicle*, which wholly transcended her knowledge of the English tongue. She applied to a neighbour, who fairly confessed herself in the same predicament. They agreed to consult the venerable and classical parson of the parish, who replied—"A vehicle, my good friends, is *quivis vehiculus*, a phaeton, a landau, a curricle, or a wheelbarrow." The last alone of these terms was intelligible to the inquirers,

ers, who repairing homeward to the sick-man's room, his wife says to him—"Come, John, thee must uppy." "What vor?" answered the husband. "Come, come, don't ye make no words, but let me dress thee—thee must only take doctor's stuff, and then thee shalt go to-bed again." So saying, she forcibly dressed the poor creature, while her companion whipped down stairs to prepare the vehicle, into which, viz. a *wheelbarrow*, placed at the cottage door, they conveyed the patient while he swallowed the pills, and afterwards restored him, with equal precision, to his bed."

THE HAUNTS OF BLADUD.

From the extremity of Claverton Down, I first beheld the Haunts of Bladud; and, I own with pleasure, the scene was delightfully surprising, surpassing every thing of the kind I had seen before. All the way, as you pass, the high-road affords the greatest variety of novel objects. You have here dashing springs, hanging woods, prodigious quarries of fine free-stone, so soft as to cut with a woodman's saw, but hourly hardening in the air to the utility and consistency of our best Portland. In many places, the foundation of the road is the work of art, at immense labour and expence; and shews the discriminating traveller the wonderful pains taken to make his approach tolerably convenient to the waters of the sun.

BEECHEN CLIFF

Is a hanging wood of great beauty, and one of the chief ornaments to the city of Bath. It is just at the entrance to the city from the south road, and is considerably higher than the tower of its abbey. The streets being very broad, and, in many places, parallel, present the traveller from those heights with an ample scope for his admiration. At one view he beholds the public baths and squares, the grand circus, and new-built crescents, rising one above the other, to the very top of Landsdown, a most beautiful fir-capped elevation, which bounds the city in its northern quarter, and affords pasture for innumerable flocks of the finest breed throughout the island. At his feet, the traveller beholds the windings of the silver Avon, which, though of no great breadth, greatly enlivens the general scene. On his right hand, Prior-Park house attracts his attention. This was once the seat of that Bath worthy, Mr. Allen, by whom the vast extension of fir-trees that cover the surrounding hills was planted, and by whose liberality most of the exotic adornments were contrived and bestowed. The present possessor, who married the good man's widow, is a priest, and only having an *apron-string* interest in the property, is making hay with it while the sun shines—every third tree—if I am informed right—has been levelled with the earth, and a similar devastation in these haunts of the Dryades is shortly to take place. Thus the hope of the generous projector, the beauty of the surrounding landscape, the delight of the admiring citizens, and the works of a century, are all sacrificed by a mercenary, for the consideration of a few paltry guineas.—*O tempore, O mores!* The sportsman reprobates the conduct, and the poor labourer from the harvest-field laments the loss of such a shelter.

On this charming cliff I met Mr. Barker, of London. He has raised a stage here, and has already taken views of Bath, so that, in all probability, you will shortly behold in his panarama picture all the beauties I have been delineating.

MY SET DOWN.

From Beechen Cliff I descended rapidly to the old bridge at the south entrance

entrance to the city, where, on the Witcomb side, I was greatly disgusted with the manners of the inhabitants; my ears were continually saluted with more horrid oaths and execrations than I had at any time heard at Saltpetre Bank, or the vilest purlieus of Wapping: but when you have passed this pandemonium, the scene begins to mend upon you, and at length softens into order, decency, and good manners, according with the ideas a stranger is liberal enough to entertain of this celebrated city. My direction from the last station was to the Lamb in Stall-street; and now, after a ramble of twenty-three miles, with the heat as intemperate as I had ever experienced it, I entered the house of Mr. Dover; and, conforming to my old fashion, met with a civil reception, good company, and a hearty welcome to Bath.

T. N.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED.

The following Extract is taken from a late Publication, entitled, "The Fashionable World displayed, by Theophilus Christian, Esq." As irony, it appears to us to be so just, and so well executed, that we are induced to lay it before our readers.

SPEAKING of the climate of the fashionable world, the author says—"The climate of fashion is almost entirely factitious and artificial, and consequently differs, in many material respects, from the natural temperature of those respective places over which its jurisdiction extends. Though changes from heat to cold, and *vice versa*, are very common among these people, yet heat may be said to be the prevailing character of the climate. They appear to have but two seasons in their year; these they call, in conformity to common language rather than to just calculation, winter and summer. Of summer little is known; for it seems to be a rule among this people to disband and disperse at the approach of it, and not to rally and re-unite till the winter has fairly commenced; though, therefore, they exist somehow or somewhere during the summer months, they wish it to be considered that they do not exist under their fashionable character. They wash themselves in the sea, drink laxative waters, lose a little money at billiards, or catch a few colds at public rooms; but all these things they do as individuals, wholly out of their corporate capacity as members of the community of fashion; so that in their mode of disposing of the summer, they invert the standing rule of most other animals; they choose the fair season for their torpid state, and shew no signs of life but during the winter. It is not easy to say exactly when the winter begins in the fashionable world; an inhabitant of Bath would have one mode of reckoning, and an inhabitant of London another. To do justice to the subject, the commencement of winter ought to be regulated by the former of these places, and the close of it by the latter. Supposing, therefore, that it begins some time in November, there can be no difficulty in settling its duration, for the 4th of June is, by a tacit, yet binding ordinance, considered as the limit over which a fashionable winter can never pass.

"There are many circumstances in which the climate of fashion stands peculiarly distinguished from any other. It has already been intimated, that heat is its prevailing characteristic; it is, however, not a little remarkable, that this heat is at its highest point in the winter season;

son; and that the inhabitants often perspire more freely when the snow is upon the ground than they do in the dog-days. The truth is, that, as was before said, the climate is wholly created by artificial circumstances, and the natural temperature of the air is completely done away; the sort of communication which they keep up with each other requires a species of apparatus which fills their atmosphere with an immediate degree of phlogiston. Besides this, they are notoriously fond of assembling in insufferable crowds; and travellers have assured us, that they have often witnessed from ten to twelve hundred persons suffocating each other, within a space which would scarcely have afforded a convenient accommodation for a dozen families. Certain it is, that no people upon earth have less benefit from the light of the sun than the people of fashion; so that, if it were not for torches, candles, and Argand lamps, they would scarcely ever see each other's faces.

"In observing thus largely upon the fashionable world, I have furnished a sufficient clue to their moral character; if, from some hints which have been thrown out in this and the preceding chapter, rigid Christians should be led to infer that it is no better than it should be, they must be reminded, that people of fashion have a standard peculiar to themselves; and that, therefore, what are deviations from our standard, are very often near approximations to theirs. In fact, they have acted in this respect with the same convenient policy by which they have been guided in framing every other part of their system. Pleasure being the object upon which a life of fashion terminates, it was sagaciously foreseen, that an unbending morality would be utterly incompatible with the modes, and habits, and plans, of such a career; there remained, therefore, no alternative but that of frittering away the strength and substance of the morality of the gospel, till it became sufficiently tame and pliable for the sphere of accommodation in which it was to act. And now modesty, honesty, humanity, and sobriety—names, with stricter moralists, for the purest virtues—are so modified and liberalized by fashionable casuists, as to be capable of an alliance with a low degree of every vice to which they stand opposed. A woman may expose her bosom, paint her face, assume a forward air, gaze without emotion, and laugh without restraint, at the loosest scenes of theatrical licentiousness, and yet be, after all, a modest woman. A man may detain the money which he owes his tradesmen, and contract new debts for ostentatious superfluities, while he has neither the means nor the inclination to pay his old ones, and yet be, after all, a very honest fellow. A woman of fashion may disturb the repose of her family every night, abandon her children to mercenary nurses, and keep her horses and servants in the streets till day-break, without any impeachment of her humanity. So, the gentleman of fashion may swallow his two or three bottles a-day, and do all his friends the kindness to lay them under the table as they dine with him; yet, if constitution or habit secure him against the same ignominious effects, he claims to be considered a sober man.

AN ANECDOTE.

MISS Sprightly having opened upon Lord Chesterfield's letters, where he recommends compliance with real good breeding, being

being to call that morning on a fat and rigid quaker, determined to show her good breeding by imitating the simple dialect of Aminadab Broadbrim. In this resolution, Miss Sprightly sallied forth, under fine muslin, lace, and all the colours of the rainbow. Her salutation was—"Friend Broadbrim, how do thee do, this fifth morning of the third month?"

At this unexpected salutation, young Aminadab smiled, and said, "Thee speaketh, Hannah, like one of us."—"Yea, son Aminadab," answered Broadbrim, "but the gaudy vanities Hannah hath bedecked herself with, will not let thee take the maiden for one."

Miss Sprightly, though the innocent aggressor, was a little chagrined; and she replied—"My attire, friend Broadbrim, declareth me to be but two much addicted to the tasteless vanity of gay and gaudy clothing; but thee art wiser, and preferreth more substantial and poignant gratifications, as thy full rosy cheeks, and corpulent belly, doth abundantly testify."

BURLESQUE
ON
FASHIONABLE ROUTES.

MRS. SWEEP'S, IN ST. GILES'S.

AMONG the most elegant and convivial parties the metropolis has to boast of, we must rank a late assembly at the amiable Mrs. Sweep's. To enumerate all the beauty, gaiety, and fashion, that ornamented this charming assemblage, would be to recapitulate all that are worth noticing in London. The rooms were open about nine; and we can, with the strictest truth, observe, that if ever the buxom hostess exceeded herself, it was on this occasion. "Her face," to use the words of our immortal bard, "was fired with labour." She was all attention, all politeness, and all festivity:—indeed, she seemed to possess the power of ubiquity, for, wherever we turned our eyes, she still presented herself with a bottle of gin in her right-hand, and a gill glass in her left. Her daughter, too, the lovely Kitty Sweep, seemed to vie with her mother in entertaining her guests, by carrying hot purl to every quarter of the rooms. About eleven, Miss Slang was earnestly entreated to charm the company with the much-admired cantata of "Come tip us a glass of true blue." To those who know the affability, the readiness to oblige, and the sweet condescension of this young lady, it will be needless to observe how cheerfully she complied. She was accompanied by the two Master Priggs; one on the marrow bone and cleaver, and the other on the Jew's harp. She was, it must be confessed, in full song, a fine compass of voice, great light and shade, and a most enchanting *portamento*. The elder Master Prigg's performance was astonishing; more firmness of finger, and delicacy of touch, we never witnessed. At that pathetic part of the cantata, "For Sall had the gift of the gab," we observed a tear of sensibility steal down the cheek of the fair Mrs. Diver. On inquiring the cause, we found that her delicate feelings had been cruelly wounded by that part of the song reviving the fate of her daughter, who, a little time before, on account of some amiable indiscretion, had been sent over the *herring-pond*. To this period, nothing could exceed the decorum of the assembly; when, unluckily, a person—for we cannot call him a gentleman—who is supposed to have

have intruded himself under the sanction of a forged ticket, abruptly exclaimed—"D—n all this cheek music, let us have a little jaw-work of another sort; where are the mutton-pies Mother Sweep promised?" A reel was now performed in a capital style; when Miss Sooty, who was one of the dancers, in consequence, as it was thought, of her having inadvertently mixed too much gin in her purl, tumbled, with some force, against Miss Dusty; who, stepping back, asked her, in an angry tone, if she had a mind to be running her rigs? telling her, at the same time, that she would "dim her daylights." Such an insult was too much even for the gentleness and forbearance of Miss Sootykin, who, squaring her elbows, asked Miss Dusty, "What she was for?" "A ring, a ring!" was instantly vociferated from every quarter of the room, when luckily Mrs. Bungy interposed, and remonstrated, with great earnestness, on the impropriety of such conduct; and desired them to consider how such vulgar proceedings would be reprobated by the company who frequented any of the assemblies of St. James's, which they might consider as their competitors. This did not fail to bring all parties to a proper sense of the respect that was due to their own characters; and every thing was amicably adjusted. The hot mutton-pies were introduced, and the Ladies waited for no solicitations, to testify their practical approbation of the gin and purl. About three in the morning the assembly began to separate: carts were provided for those who could not walk; the riders in which, falling to blows soon after their quitting the rooms, were seized by the watch, and most of the company safely lodged in Tothill-fields Bridewell.

THE LINEAL DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

(*Continued from page 11 of our last.*)

LETTER III.

DEAR COUSIN,

IT is the prudent and tolerably well-informed mercantile men, who are to improve in poetry, upon the humble attempts of the hawker and common-cryer of small wares. These are they who are to make known, to a grateful and distinguishing public, the various articles necessary to their pleasure, amusement, and utility. With such poetic publications, the newspapers will be daily and weekly nearly filled; as will likewise the wrappers of magazines and pamphlets, as well as the blank pages at the conclusion of volumes. A very pleasing change this—a change that will prove productive of much alteration in the taste of the public. For instance, of late years it has been a general complaint, that the papers, particularly the weekly papers, were nearly filled with advertisements—manors to be sold, houses to be let, turnpike-gates to farm, honest clerks, servants without a fault, wives without passions, blacking for shoes, ointment for the itch, with a never-ending list of quack nostrums, for the infallible cure of all real and imaginary disorders and maladies, &c. &c. &c. But when each individual who may, in future, advertise his wants and wishes in verse, and shall vary that verse as occasion may require, or genius may inspire, then will the complaints of the newspapers be entirely reversed; and the cry will be—"Here are no advertisements this week—I would not give one farthing for the paper—it is filled up with wonders, which are probably fabrications

fabrications of the news-writer's brain; and a long list of casualties, broken bones, dislocated joints, stages overthrown, horses run off in a fright, children, sheep, and oxen, bitten by mad dogs, &c.—Here, boy, take away the paper to Mr. Lackaday; he delights in wonders, and takes pleasure in condoling about misfortunes and accidents that happen—none know where nor when."

But, to return—Should our church-clerk's discordant echo catch the poetical influence of the hawkers, and give his notice, or set the psalm in verse, what complaint and clamour would be made about it at first; yet there would be nothing profane or irreverent in his so doing; and time and use would so reconcile the whole congregation, that they would hear him with patience; nay, probably, with delight, thus announcing the notice to the parishioners for a vestry meeting—

To-morrow, at the hour of ten,
A meeting's call'd of gentlemen,
To think of what they've best to do
In urgent matters—so and so;
Affairs unfit to mention here,
But will be told when they come there.

PREFACE TO THE PSALM.

Now, in soft music, let us raise
Our voice, in thankfulness and praise;
And sing two staves of psalm the first—
"O Lord! how blessed are the just."

Still, of all the various petty poets which are to step forward to public notice, in consequence of this descent of the heavenly-inspired nine musers, none will have so arduous a task as the wine-merchant; because the exhilarating effects of wine have been so ably sung by most of the real poets in all ages of the world. But, notwithstanding these, the honest wine-merchant should not be discouraged, but persevere, and he will surmount them. He may, to be sure, be incapable of reaching the flights of the poet, who consults his fancy and imagination more than his actual knowledge; who talks familiarly of nectar and ambrosia for the gods, and of claret, champaign, burgundy, &c. &c. for mortals, though he knows nothing of the first, and of the latter has perhaps never tasted. On the other hand, the wine-merchant may be very correct in reciting the pleasing catalogue of his exhilarating store of foreign and domestic wine; and, in giving a just and natural description of their effects. Thus—

Both food and physic men may try,
To mount their spirits to the sky;
But whosoe'er's averse to wine,
Will find his spirits oft decline.
Meats raise the body—wine the soul;
Then drain the bottle, and the bowl,
To keep alive the soul of man,
And joyous make his little span.

It is expected of every man, that he understands more of his own particular calling than others who have different calls upon their time and attention; it will therefore appear no extravagant notion, to suppose that the brandy and wine-merchant should excel the real poet in defining and celebrating the many excellencies of ardent spirits, wines, cordial waters, fascinating compounds, &c.

The man who can't in numbers grace
His art, profession, trade, or place,
Must be asham'd to shew his face.

And as the joyous department of poetry must, in future, be expected to flow from the fountain's head only, viz. the master or lord of the cellar, so the metaphysical part must flow from the pen of the chymist. It is he alone must evince the powers of the subtle elements, and teach the world to extract physic, food, and life itself, from gross matter, plants, shrubs, minerals, &c. which the unlearned and ignorant pass

pass over as worthless and contemptible. It is the chymist alone that can put forth a poetical prescription, for the attainment of the long-talked-of and much-sought-after philosopher's stone; which prescription, should it take, and fill the chymist's pocket, he then may exultingly sing—

The stone is found! you've put it in my purse—
Do not repent, ye are not much the worse.
The man who seeks to live in ease, don't blame—
If ye've been dupes—why, place it to your shame.
My nest being made, good counsel I'll impart,
And give it gratis, too, with all my heart.
Your business mind, and seek for solid wealth—
Work, and ye will be rich in food and health.
'Tis vegetation all our wants suffice—
Then plough and sow; be honest, and be wise;
Seek neither wealth nor health from castles in the skies.

Though real poets have, on particular occasions, deigned to sing of mechanical employments, yet I do not remember any one who has celebrated the art millinery, or female handicraft, which must prove a very copious article in the hand of a sprightly female of some learning, but of more fancy and genius; and whose province it is to furnish her sex with those elegancies of taste and fashion, so absolutely necessary to the enhancement of their charms, beauty, and symmetry. The various shades and textures of that host of satins, silks, muslins, ribbons, laces, &c. &c. that furnish a first-rate milliner's repository in this great city, is more than any one poet can express: and yet what an ample field for a poet to range; what sweetly-flowing numbers, what a pleasing variety of rhymes may be expected to come forth under this one single article—the art millinery! In short, I think the word milliner is derived from *millenary*, which is to say, *one thousand*. No other word could be applied, to give any adequate idea of this art, than that which is expressive of a thousand. How long the art millinery has been known as an art, I cannot say; but it was probably very well known, and practised, in the reigns of the Henrys and Edwards, and, consequently, is of six or seven centuries standing; we may, therefore, at a moderate computation, suppose that—with the new terms—great improvements, and large additions, have since been made to the stock of millinery articles. I affirm, and, in reason, conclude, that there are, at this day, three or four thousand terms, names, and epithets, peculiarly adapted to a milliner's art and stock in trade; a number, one must think, quite equal to all the calls of the divine propensity to poetic descriptions, without any necessity for borrowing or amplification.

SOPHIA HEMISTIC.

A KILL-DEVIL INQUIRY.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU will much oblige an old correspondent, by requesting some intelligence of your turf friends respecting the famous Kill-devil mare, hereafter mentioned. I wish to know whose property she was, at what period she raced, and on what ground the tale of the following impossible performance rests? About twenty-three or twenty-four years since, I engaged a young lad from the stables at Newmarket, as groom, and, among a number of racing anecdotes, he

he informed me, that there was once upon the turf, a famous mare called *Creeping Jin*, which beat four fresh race horses in running over the Beacon Course, the horses starting upon her by turns, at the commencement of each mile; and that she was, after finishing her racing career, with transcendent reputation, buried at Newmarket in *silver plates*. If I mistake not, my man told me this mare was the property of Lord Grosvenor. I should be glad farther to be informed, if any instance exists, beside that of Sampson, of a horse or mare, not thorough-bred, racing in a high form, and breeding racers. I remain your old friend and servant,

A Gentleman Jockey.

THEATRICALS.

THE BLIND BARGAIN;

OR,

HEAR HIM OUT.

A New Comedy, by Mr. Reynolds.

ON Wednesday evening, the 24th of October, the above new Comedy was produced, for the first time, at Covent Garden Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Andrew Analyse	Mr. Fawcett.
Villars	Mr. Kemble.
Jack Analyse	Mr. Farley.
Tourly	Mr. Lewis.
Dr. Pliable	Mr. Blanchard.
Giles Woodbine	Mr. Emery.
Frank	Mr. Atkins.
Mrs. Villars	Mrs. Gibbs.
Miss Gurnet	Mrs. Davenport.
Sophia Woodbine	Miss Davies.
Rachel (a Gipsey)	Mrs. Emery.

The following is the substance of the plot:—Sir Andrew Analyse, in consequence of his niece marrying Mr. Villars against his consent, adopts a child in India, and consigns it to the care of his friend Dr. Pliable in England, with an allowance of L.300 per annum: the child dies, and, wishing to preserve the annuity, the Doctor employs a gipsey to procure him another.

Sir Andrew arrives, and selects for his wife, his old flame, Miss Gurnet, who, during his absence, has been coquetting with Alderman Davenant, and, amongst other love-presents, has sent him a marmoset, called "Little Peter," which the Alderman, in a fit of jealousy, writes word he shall return; and Miss Gurnet, afraid of rousing Sir Andrew's suspicions, bids the servant on no account to let him hear any thing of the Alderman, or "Little Peter." In the mean time, the Doctor is all joy at being prepared to shew Sir Andrew his adopted infant; when, to his confusion, he finds that the gipsey has most unexpectedly purloined Villars's child; and, knowing no better mode of extricating himself, than by fixing the theft on somebody else, he employs his servant Frank to select some stranger, and offer him L.100 if he will consent to be blindfolded, and led wherever he pleases. The person whom Frank happens to fix on for this Blind Bargain, is a young Oxonian, named Tourly, who is led blindfolded into the street where the Doctor lives—and when Frank leaves him for an instant, Tourly resolves to mark the house, that he may hereafter know the author of this mystery—but he mistakes the door, and marks Miss Gurnet's instead of the Doctor's; Frank then returns with a basket, and Tourly, soon after, finding it contains a sleeping infant, returns in distress to the street where the Doctor and Miss Gurnet live, sees the mark on her door, and rings violently at the bell,

bell, when the servant, expecting "*Little Peter*" by the stage-coach, receives the basket, which in the end exposes Miss Garnet and the Doctor to Sir Andrew, and reconciles him to Mr. Villars.

From the reception of this new piece, by this mirth-inspiring author, on the first, and several succeeding nights, it is not probable that it will very soon sink into oblivion, but long afford much rational amusement, at the same time that the situations of the characters occasionally convulse the audience with laughter.

In the first act, the following gave the most favourable hopes of what was to come:—Doctor Pliable, talking of the sums he had laid out in building, which had swallowed up the profits of his trade, observes, that "it might with truth be said, that what he gained by the pestle he lost by the mortar."

Giles Woodbine, in telling how he had been taken home to dinner by a Lord, for whom he had gained a match at cricket, gives a humourous description of his embarrassments, which gradually wore off as he drank repeated glasses of a sort of sham-cyder (champaign.) He began to ogle the Ladies, and, when they rose from table to go away, he got up and followed them, but was turned back by a pack of Butterflies, "who asked me," he proceeds, "when I had made my escape from Pidcock's, I think they call it?" When brought back, they would have plied me with bumpers, but "I told them that I was not born a beast, and would not stay among them to make me one."

In the second act, Chas. Tourly, accounting to Giles Woodbine for the irregularities of his friend Jack Analyse, observes, that "he was ruined by Greek and the Mathematics; for that he had got a fellowship, which, by preventing the holders of it from having wives of their own, made them seek after those of other people! He leaves him with an injunction not to say a word of the fellowships, lest it should go over the whole county; and all should betake themselves to the study of Greek and the Mathematics!"

Sir Andrew Analyse has a passion for writing, and is compiling a dictionary, which he carries in his pocket, and refers to upon all occasions. From this he reads a variety of definitions. In the list are those of an old maid, a dun, a sailor, fashion, England, &c. His definition of a sailor concludes with stating, that he loves grog, his mistress, and a Spanish war. An author, he says, is one who never lives till he dies—who makes less money in a year than an underwriter in an hour—who lies at the mercy of reviews, newspapers, printers' devils, &c. &c. A barrister is one who lives by agitation, altercation, consultation, cross-examination, and botheration—who proposes arbitration on day of trial—returns brief, but keeps fee! A banker is one who never opens shop till after breakfast—shuts before tea—and who takes three days grace before he gives one dinner! An old maid is one who is extravagantly fond of cards, calumny, and cats! Fashion is a thing which scouts the city, and yet is often found in Duke's-place, from the number of nobility that frequent it—which makes my Lord and Lady sleep in separate beds; or, if in the same, one of so wide an extent, that it appears as if placed in different parishes; so that while my Lady sleeps in one parish, my Lord snores in another! A dun is one whose visits are always so welcome, that, in the great squares at the west end of the town, he is constantly asked to call again.

Giles

Giles Woodbine is an honest farmer, full of sentiment and liberality. Doctor Pliable is a tame Doctor Ollapod, who has a happy method of quieting his conscience. He justifies his litigation, because it helps a starving barrister; and, for the stealing of a child, he feels a consolation in the advantage which it brings with it. Villars is a man of high sense of honour and spirit. This character gave Mr. Kemble an opportunity of delivering some very fine sentiments. He was extremely animated, and looked remarkably well. Tourly and Jack Analyse, two Oxonians, are introduced to the audience as having set out upon a tour in a gig, and met with a great variety of accidents and embarrassments, from which they are enabled to extricate themselves by the extraordinary assurance and good humour of Tourly. Such are the materials of which the author, Mr. Reynolds, has contrived to make out a light, lively, bustling comedy, in his usual style and manner. The characters are all accommodated to the peculiar talents of the respective performers. The sentiments and allusions are derived from the passing events and fashions of the day; and the whole combination interests, not by the harmony of the colouring and the beauty of the proportions, but by the contrast of light and shade, the whimsicality of the scene, and the irregularity of the parts. All the general observations, which apply to Mr. Reynolds's former pieces, are equally applicable to the present. It is of the same form, colour, and complexion, and cast in the same mould; and though not the most vigorous, is perhaps not the weakest offspring of his muse. The interest arises from the loss of the child of Villars stolen by Rachel, a gipsey, to supply the place of the infant in the care of Doctor Pliable. In following up this incident, Tourly suffers himself to be blindfolded, and hence the piece derives its name of the Blind Bargain. The several performers exerted themselves with perfect success. Miss Davies, in the character of Sophia Woodbine, was not the least fortunate in her exertions. She introduced a beautiful air, which was encored, and crowned with the most rapturous applause. The piece was heard throughout with unqualified approbation.

The prologue, which was grave and sententious, was spoken by Mr. Murray; the epilogue, which is of the ludicrous class, was sung by Mr. Emery.

There is an under-plot, consisting of the mysterious conduct of Villars—who is accused by his wife's relations of having squandered her fortune in dissipation—when it turns out that her father never paid it him.

A NATIVE BULL.

A CORRESPONDENT, who calls himself a *Cattle Improver*, says, it is well known, that most of the Irish bulls in print, like many other printed truths, have been fabricated for the public use: but it is nevertheless equally well known to all who have ever had any long acquaintance with that people, that they are really prone by nature to bulling; the men far more than the women, who are yet by no means behind the men, in volubility and eloquence. The following exemplification, I give you as an authentic fact, for which I am indebted to the evidence of mine own ears. My fish-man, of whom I constantly purchase, is really thorough bred, and from Tipperary;

ary; has been in England about ten years.—A woman having frequently called at the door, I asked the fishman whether the woman belonged to him, "Och no, replied he very seriously, I have no other woman belonging to me but myself."

About a month afterwards, Murphy brought us some mackarel,—a neighbour wished to have some at a penny each cheaper—"And," said he, "are you *really* a labouring woman like myself!—then you shall have them so." Could an account be taken of Murphy's daily dealings, there is no doubt but a great annual stock of spontaneous bulls might be obtained, merely for the trouble of catching and driving them to market.

SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE;

OR,

THE FOLLY OF BEING ROBBED ON THE HIGHWAY.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

BY superfluous advice, I mean that advice which, however good in itself, is given at a time when it cannot be of the least consequence to the party. Now, good advice being one of the most valuable things upon earth, you will no doubt be surprised that it should be thrown away in this manner; yet nothing is more certain, for instances of it occur every day. If a young fellow falls from his horse, and is hurt, there are some of the wisest of his friends who advise him not to ride so fast, or not to ride in the dark, or on such a bad road, &c.—All this must certainly be very consoling to him, at the time when the surgeon is probing one wound, and his assistant perhaps binding up another: and it must likewise be very useful at the precise moment when he is most sensible of his rashness, if he really has been rash, and is more conscious of the narrowness of his escape than any wise man around him can possibly be.

Some time ago, in company with a friend, and going to town to oblige him, whose business required that he should be very early there, I had the honour to meet with three of those gentlemen, whose notions of personal property are so confused that they take every opportunity to appropriate to their own uses what does not belong to them, and who commit so many mistakes of this kind, that it often requires a very learned judge, and twelve men besides, to convince them they have done wrong. In a word, Sir, the highwaymen stripped us of our money and watches, and left us only our philosophy to console us.

On our arrival in town, and announcing our loss, we expected to meet with some pity, seeing we had no means of defence, and were proceeding on his Majesty's highway on our lawful business. But instead of that, for near a month, we were overwhelmed with *post facto* advice, and *post obit* wisdom. One assured us that we could not have been robbed, if we had not travelled by night. Another blamed us excessively for not doing as he did, namely, to travel without any property about us. A third, with a smile of conscious superiority, wondered that we did not secrete our watches in the seat of the chaise, or among the straw, or under our armpits, or in twenty other places, in all of which he was certain they would have been perfectly safe; and in one or other of them he seriously advised us to deposit such articles, "in all time forthcoming." A fourth, collecting all his

his prospective powers of sapience into one focus, advised us never to travel on that road without pistols. Others again were so perfectly astonished at our having been robbed that they could not reconcile it to any known principles of human prudence. "What! bless me! did not you see the highwaymen coming? Could not you have ordered the post boy to drive on? Could not you have dropt your watches at the bottom of the chaise? Could not you, if you must travel by night, have borrowed pistols by the way? Could not you have come away earlier? Could not you have staid till next morning? Could not you have got a cast in the Mail Coach? Could not you ——."

But I shall be out of breath. In short it appeared that to be robbed at all is one of the most foolish, unwise, imprudent things on earth; and that of all foolish, unwise, and imprudent robberies, our's was the principal.——Indeed I began to doubt whether we were not the first who had ever met with the misfortune of being robbed: and that while the rest of mankind were enjoying the luxury of cautious sagacity, and protected by the quintessence of true wisdom, we two were the only fools which the kingdom of Great Britain produced. Nay, from the manner in which we were tutored and advised by some of our Mentors, I am doubtful whether they did not think that we set out with a direct intention to be robbed, and that we had given due notice to the thieves, where they might most conveniently meet us.

Such is the kind of advice we are perpetually receiving from our sage counsellors, after the affair is over, which they wish to prevent, and the loss irretrievable which they wish to avert. Even the bedside of the sick is not protected from advice of this kind; there are always some sagacious persons, who foresaw that the patient must catch cold, if he did so and so, and who really wondered, that when taken ill, he had not immediate recourse to Dr. Bolus, or Dr. Apozem, or some other infallible terror of diseases. As to broken limbs, one would think they were always matters of premeditation. A friend of mine stepping hastily out of a coach, which several hundreds do every day, without hurt or danger, had the misfortune to fall and break a leg. He has often told me that the pain of setting the limb, and the subsequent confinement, would have been very tolerable, but for the kind admonitions of his friends, who had long declared open war against all steps of coaches, and really wondered how he could be so foolish as to jump hastily out of a coach; "this was what they never did, and what no wise man ever did, and what certainly none but fools would do."

But there is no case in which this kind of wisdom is more frequently employed, than when a person happens to be overreached by a swindler, or artful fellow, of which there are always plenty to take advantage of unsuspecting innocence.—Now, indeed, the sufferer is assailed with innumerable scraps of *post obit* sagacity. "Why did he trust such a person? Why did he not suspect him? Surely he ought to have had all his eyes about him. We would not have been taken in by such a fellow; and we would advise him in future to be more upon his guard against men of that description."

I know I shall be told, that the dealers in this kind of wisdom mean well. The same well meaning is in many instances a great enemy to proper acting. A mother beats her child because it falls down; a rider flogs his horse because he stumbles;

stumbles; and they may for any thing I know, mean well. But I am certain that neither child nor horse will be the better for a punishment inflicted in the heat of passion, and without a due consideration, or any consideration at all, indeed, of the circumstances.

But that I may not leave the *post obit* advisers in ill humour, I ſhall not dilate upon the subject, but merely submit to their consideration, whether a grain of good advice in a time of danger, is not preferable to a bushel of their sagacity after an accident has happened.

I am, Sir, &c.

Neither Rash nor Fearful.

A RAMBLE
FROM
Exeter to the Back-waters and Exmouth, with a Return to Chudleigh.

The Toxophylites—The Back-waters—Topsham—The Epitaph—Exmouth—Powderham Castle—The stricken Deer (*of which see Engraving in our last*)—John Cross of Star-cross—Chudleigh—The Glow-worm—And Set down at Exeter.

(*Concluded from page 35 of our last.*)

Of hills I sing, along the varied scene,
Of howling tempests, and of skies serene;
Forts, tow'rs, and cities, and their ancient date,
How prop'd by int'rest, and how shook by fate.
Men and their manners oft employ my song;
The wise I rev'rence, and condemn the wrong:
The ways of Providence bring forth for thee,
And, where I can't unravel, bend the knee.

THE beauties of the morning sky presently disappeared. The wind had shifted to the S. W. and a strong gale suddenly arising, the sea, that had before been as smooth as a looking-glass, became greatly agitated. The didappers were busy on the tops of the foaming surges, and the screaming curlews told a continuation of the tempest.

The thunder burst over our heads in frequent peals, that rolled away, muttering, down the arch of heaven; the lightning became troublesome, and dangerous to abide, insomuch that the vessels upon the shore claimed all the attention of the mariners, to secure them from accident. However, although unaccustomed to such sudden changes, I ventured towards the waves, at a time prudence told me it were better to prefer the shelter, and be in safety.

I am not inclined to pin my faith on the sleeve of every old lady who may pretend to the prophetic spirit; but that a foreknowledge of future events is the property of some, I must not deny, without encountering well-received opinions, and insulting attestations made by writers of the first celebrity.

It is recorded of Sir Francis Drake, that once, when a female relative hung on his neck, lamenting his departure, that he comforted her by saying—"Do not grieve; for I know that after suffering much peril, I shall return to this place, and die in peace with you."

Colonel Gardner, previous to the battle of Prestonpans, sent for his lady, and took his last farewell. Upon her endeavouring to represent the uncertainty of the fight, and that there was hope of their meeting again, he assured her—"I know I shall fall, and that no earthly power can save me." In the council, the night before the engagement, Colonel Gardner advised not to fight the next day. "What!"

"What!" said his superior officer *, "is Colonel Gardner afraid?"—"No," he replied; "for when you are flying from the field like a coward, I shall be seen dying like a man."

Innumerable instances may be drawn from the best authorities; but the limits of this paper will only admit of one more, in the story of

JOHN CROSS OF STAR CROSS.

I was standing in the storm, on the sea-beach, to admire the rougher beauties of nature, when a tremendous wave dashed a human body on shore amidst the fishermen. They seized on God's Gift, as they were pleased to call it, and instantly drew it to the upper bank, where I as speedily followed them. The body had not been long in the water, for it seemed still bleeding; there were three visible shot wounds on its manly open breast, which was adorned all over with strange figures, so as to call to my remembrance the picture of an ancient Briton; and the collar-bone, on the right side, seemed separated by the chop of a sabre. The fishermen examined the pockets of the deceased, but found nothing there except a rusty iron tobacco-box, on which, in an unskilful way, was scratched—"John Cross, of the Dædalus." The spring was presently forced, and within appeared the following paper, very tightly folded, and bound with a thread of rope-yarn. They handed the writing to me, and I thus read aloud its contents—

"My name is John Cross. I sailed from England in a southwhaler belonging to Messrs. Calvert and Co. called the Matilda, which had the misfortune to bulge upon a reef of rocks. Finding it impossible to save the ship, or any part of the stores, myself, and five others, took to the boat, and committed ourselves to God's mercy, on the waves, and were safely wafted to the hospitable shores of Otaheite. The natives, not unaccustomed to the colour of our skin, and the sound of our language, received us with every token of affection and joy. They gave us lands, and servants to cultivate them, and we were admitted into their order of nobility; and, as a proof or insignia of this elevation, we were tattooed from top to bottom. Above all this, we had wives, the most pleasing and beautiful women in the world, so mild in their temper that they never contradicted us, but did all that man could request to make his life perfectly happy. In this state I might have been now; but an unfortunate attachment to a country that gave me nothing but my birth, drove me from my earthly paradise; for, going on board the Dædalus, which put in for wood and water where I was seated, she sailed with me for England. I lamented my folly; but it was too late, and I deserved what followed. As we entered the British Channel, a press cutter came athwart us, and without being permitted to tread the shore I had a desire to visit, without being suffered to embrace a relative, or to enjoy an interview with one common friend, I was thrown into a ship of war,

* Some time after the battle, where the English were dreadfully cut to pieces, Cope had the audacity to appear at Court. The King saw him—"So, Cope," said he with a sigh, "I see you are here; but where are my brave men?"—then turned from him with the greatest contempt.

with

with an enemy in sight. As I am unknown to all on board, I have put these lines together, in case I should drop in battle.

"P. S. I was born at Star-cross, in Devonshire; and I know I am to return there again, but whether dead or alive, is doubtful. If the former, pray, you who find me, lay my bones in the church yard with my fore-fathers.—Farewell."

There was not a man but recollected poor John. They were all play fellows together; they looked upon his face, and then looked upon each other—but spoke not; there was a humidity in every eye, that told more than all the syllables combined in their most affecting order. They laid the body upon their oars, and a dozen of them bore it away, in silence and solemnity, to the distant parsonage.

The vicar ordered a shell, and very kindly permitted the poor fellow to be buried, without the bell, just at the entrance to the bone-hole, where a man, hanged for murder, had been interred some forty years before, and where, from prejudice, the sods had not been broken for all that time; nor were it likely they might be disturbed again, unless a similar circumstance occurred, or some other unfortunate seaman might be cast lifeless on the land.

Poor John! he loved his country well enough to sacrifice his life for it. How many, without possessing this attachment, are buried in the most sanctified places, with all the pomp the avarice of the undertaker can invent? Well, let them—honest John Cross shall sleep as long, and as well, and with more reputation, than the richest of them.

The wind shifting suddenly to the west, the heavens, and all things, became once more serene, except the rolling waters. Their swell was immense, and the sunbeams, sparkling on the waves through the broken rocks, communicated a pleasing variety to the eye, and greatly enriched the landscape. At this time, I left the shore with reluctance, and, after a most pleasant walk of several miles, arrived at

CHUDLEIGH,

The seat of Lord Clifford, a place well worthy of the traveller's attention. Beside many rare pieces of antiquity, we are shewn a state-bed, the hangings of which are curiously wrought by the fair hand of the unfortunate Rosamond. Fastidious writers, however, affect to turn this fact to ridicule, on account of the great length of time passed away since the days of that lady, and that the grand tapestry in our House of Lords, of not one fourth the antiquity, is at present barely visible. But this is not reasoning fairly on the subject; nor doth it in any way make against the trophy of Rosamond's industry. That all kinds of drapery are perishable, must be admitted; but they may be preserved infinitely longer in a fine open air, rendered more pure by the adjunction of sea-breezes, than in close cities, where every foul effluence tends to promote rottenness, mutilation, and decay.

It is a fact well known to the antiquary, that the tapestry of the death of Harold, embroidered by Matilda, Queen of William the Conqueror, though of a date earlier than Rosamond's, is still in fine preservation, and the colours, in many places, are as brilliant as at the time of their manufacture.—The altar-cloth * of the church in

* The Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, wrought with silver thread, on green satin, &c.

Salisbury,

Salisbury, near the market-place, was wrought by the fingers of Adelaide, the wife of Longsword; and this, as I have seen, is another testimony, that the Chudleigh hangings are likely to be the work of the unfortunate mistress of our second Henry. The Doomsday-books, finished twenty years after the Conquest, are yet in perfect preservation: even the stains, or marks of the instrument that made the lines, is perfectly to be perceived, and the ink, after nine hundred years, no way faded. Let us not doubt, then, that the Chudleigh hangings are the labour of the charming Clifford.

The village maids around Chudleigh, have many pretty stories about poor Rosamond; but there is so much fable mingled with their narrations, that probability is put out of countenance. Brompton's tale of Woodstock Bower, seems to be the favourite. The cruelty of the high-spirited Eleanor is piteously related by them, from the cunning used by the Queen to enter the labyrinth, to the death of her victim by the cup of poison.

We know not exactly when or how Rosamond was deprived of life; but we are told that her body was found near Godstow nunnery, cased in leather, and in a strong envelop of lead; and that, when it was first opened, a sweetness of perfume arose scarcely to be equalled.

Another ancient writer gives us nearly the following dialogue between the Lady of Godstow, and Saint Hugh, the Bishop of Lincoln—

DIALOGUE.

St. Hugh—Tell me, Sister, to whom doth this glittering shrine belong?

Sister—To Rosamond, once the daughter of Earl Clifford, and favourite lady to our sovereign prince King Henry.

St. Hugh—Let it be dismantled of its shameful gaud, and take her body from the holy place, lest her example be the torch to light up female frailties; and then convey it to the church-yard ground, to moulder with the common stuff—For what better was she than a harlot?

Proud and unmerciful prelate! Her lover was an all-commanding king—and would thy mother have resisted such a tempter?

However, this mouldering could never take place, or the proprietor of the Leverian Museum continually imposes on the public credulity; for we are there shewn, after the lapse of eight hundred years, the whole hand of this fair lady, with every assurance of its originality.

Quitting Chudleigh, I left Governor Paulk's Pillar on my right, and took the path to the summit of one of the finest hills in the west. The declining sun had called up a thousand lights in the windows of the distant cathedral; the farm-houses and the cottages were also lighted up to salute our departing friend: but this illumination was of a short duration; for he sunk below the horizon, and I sunk with him to the vale. Every light was instantly extinguished, except the stars faintly appearing, and the yellow spark of

THE GLOW-WORM,

In the mole-hill before me. The muse was awake to harmony; and the song of Amelia occurring fresh to my memory, I thus addressed the steady torch of the evening—

Gem

Gem of this lone and silent vale!
Treasure of ev'ning's pensive hour!
I come thy modest light to hail;
I come, a votive strain to pour:

Nor chilly dews, nor paths untrod,
Can from thy shrine my footsteps fright:
Thy lamp shall guide me o'er the sod,
And cheer the gath'ring mists of night.

Again thy yellow fire impart!
Lo! planets shed a mimic day:
Lo! vivid meteors round me dart,
Swift mingling with the lightning's ray.

But vain those splendid fires to me,
Born on the season's sultry wing,
Unless thy slender form I see,
Around its fairy lustre fling.

Thine is an unobtrusive blaze;
Content art thou in shades to shine;
And much I wish, while thus I gaze,
To make thy modest merit mine:

For long by youth's wild wishes cast,
Or the false world's tempestuous sea,
I seek retirement's shore at last,
And find a monitor in thee!

Descending through the villages, about night-fall, I passed St. Thomas's, and, over the new and beautiful bridge, entered again the city of Exeter, and, not a little weary with this day's exertions, set me down in ease at my inn, the White Hart, South-street, where the kind waterman I had met in the morning had conneyed my finny purchase; to which, with my landlady, I drew my seat, and finished one of the pleasantest rambles I had experienced since I left the metropolis. Messrs. Jackson and Kendall were of the party. We had several delectable airs of the first gentleman's composing; and, after a hobnob to all friends round St. Paul's, cheerfully sought the pillows of repose. T. N.

JEMMY GENTLE TO DIANA DASHAWAY.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU will infinitely oblige me I protest, by inserting this letter of mine in your next Magazine, because I wish extremely to have it fall into the hands of a young lady to whom I intend to make my addresses, if she can be cured of a violent passion for bold riding. She is always on horseback; and I never meet her without fearing she will come to an untimely end. I have not unbosomed myself; but I made, a few days ago, a small effort to break my mind to her, which proved, however, unsuccessful. While I was quietly ambling along upon my little poney, the prettiest creature imaginable I vow, and as tame as a lamb—Miss Diana Dashaway—overtook me on her great grey hunter. As we were not far from a monster of a gate, I told her, with the utmost politeness, after having wished her a good morning, that I would ride before her and open it, at the same time pushing on my poney. What do you think was her answer? Instead of making any acknowledgments for an offer—which was, surely, a kind one—she bawled out in a masculine tone—"over, Sir! over!"

These few words—will you believe me—so much affected my spirits, as I had only crossed my poney that day to air myself after a nervous fever, that I was absolutely unable to obey her command. The gate, indeed, had so formidable an appearance, that I did not imagine she could have felt the least desire to fly over it. But she did feel the desire most certainly; and while I civilly

civilly turned my horse aside, that I might give no interruption to her equestrian proceedings, she left the gate behind her without coming to the ground, according to my expectations.

Now, Sir, if, upon the perusal of this letter—I know she takes in your magazine—she will think it worth her while to ride in a more feminine manner, I may, perhaps, venture to approach her in the character of a lover. She is, I am very sensible, quite necessary to my happiness; but I cannot bear the thoughts of having a female Nimrod for my wife. Your's,

JEMMY GENTLE.

Placid-Place, Nov. 15.

STEPHEN SORROWFUL'S LAMENTATION.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM that insulated being called an Old Bachelor; a creature wearisome to myself, and beloved by no one. I have spent the noon of my days in a single state, from the dread of incurring the expences incident to a married life with a woman that had nothing; and now sorely do I repent that I had not generosity enough to overlook this consideration in favour of a charming girl that I truly loved, and who wanted nothing but fortune to recommend her. I was formerly clerk to her father, then a merchant of great respectability, but some years after greatly reduced by the unfortunate turn of affairs in the late contest between us and America. When he failed I was settled in the world, and might have saved his amiable girl from many a year of fatigue and distress into which their poverty immersed them; but with *sang froid*, for which I now detest myself, I then stood aloof, tore my thoughts from the sweet Eliza, and, driving forward into the heart of the city, determined to lose myself in the recesses of counting-houses and the accumulation of money; thus avoiding all the plagues and expences of a family, for which I deemed the society of an elegant and affectionate woman by no means an equivalent. Alas! Mr. Editor, I now see how I miscalculated; how much such a partnership would have been for my advantage in the long run. I now put the mutual participation of pleasure and pain, the endearments of our children, that flattering interest which Eliza would have taken in me, for whom, by the way, nobody now cares a straw; I put all these on the credit side of the ledger, and find in the opposite page only such a portion of expences as I have actually brought upon myself, by being drawn in to give tavern dinners, and a thousand other extravagancies that young men know not how to avoid. You will easily see, when a just account is made out, what I have gained, or rather what I have lost. Instead of the bright hearth, and smiling faces of my family; instead of sitting down in the midst of beings who owe life to me, and portioning out their little meal with the delicious sensations of a father, I take my solitary chop at a coffee-house, and afterwards saunter to the theatre, where venal beauty spreads her net, and I am caught! Alas! here is no mind, here is no modesty to make sentiment interesting. After having seen a public entertainment with Eliza, with what delight might we have passed the remainder of the evening! her taste and sensibility would

would have made us live the hours over again with additional pleasure; her bosom would have been my harbour in the storms of life, and there I should have found resources from *ennui* in the calm season of prosperity; in the day of sickness, and in my dying hour, her voice could have whispered comfort.—What a sad reckoner have I been, Mr. Editor! I am now as gray as a badger, and have not a single relative in the world; I have long retired from business, but my fortune brings me no enjoyment, my dog leads nearly as rational a life; I eat, and drink, and sleep alternately, as he does, for I now fear to become the prey of some indigent dame, who would overlook my gray hairs and infirmities, in consideration of coming in for a third of my wealth, and therefore avoid much commerce with the sex, from which, though I might once have derived happiness, I can now only expect trick, or, at best, ridicule. But what can a man do who has let avarice run away with him in his youth, when all the social affections should have been at their out-posts to prevent it! All that remains for such a man—after the example of a culprit going to execution—is to warn the multitude how they fall into this error; to assure them that the good which is not communicated is not half enjoyed; and that those who abandon a young woman from motives like mine, as they do not deserve happiness, so they never will obtain it. Your's, &c.

S. SORROWFUL.

ANECDOTE.

The Devil a good Paymaster.

MRS. Crispin, sitting in a cold room, with four small children, without fuel, and without meat or drink, was highly exasperated at Master Crispin's long stay at the ale-house. Her patience being entirely exhausted, she resolved to follow him; and forth she sallied in a passionate temperament. But reflecting on her situation as she went, she resolved to be cool and moderate both in her words and conduct. Crispin she found comfortably seated in the corner by a good fire, with several jovial companions. They entreated her to drink; and she did it several times, and found herself much revived. This situation, and company, and such reviving liquor, said she in her mind, are powerful temptations to a man—who has no better quarters of his own than Crispin—to stay longer than is consistent with his affairs, or agreeable to his wife's wishes. The company talked over a vast variety of accidents, misfortunes, &c. which had, and were, fallen on themselves, their friends, and neighbours; and, where there was no very visible cause, they all agreed in accusing the Devil as their source, Master Crispin alone excepted, who loved his joke, and was for extenuating the heavy charges; and said—"Your accusations, neighbours, against the black gentleman, I think, are too general and severe to be all strictly true. For my part, I look upon the black boy to be as honest an old fellow as any in England." "I have never heard much of his honesty," replied Mrs. Crispin, "yet there is one circumstance that seems to corroborate your assertion; for I have frequently heard it said, that the Devil is very good pay, and that to whomsoever he owes a cake, he is sure to pay them with a whole loaf." This remark of Mrs. Crispin's was accompanied with pleasant, but significant looks. Crispin felt their force, and was pleased with his wife—

wife—he paid his reckoning, handed her home, and never after gave her much cause for complaint.

MAJOR TOPHAM,

OF THE

WOLD COTTAGE, YORKSHIRE.

EVERY public character, who has in the least degree contributed towards the well-being of society, merits some notice to posterity; and few are there to be found who have performed a more active part than the subject of the present memoir, either in fashionable life, or in the more healthful and invigorating pursuits of the sports of the field.

Major Edward Topham is the son of Francis Topham, Esq. LL.D. who was master of the faculties and judge of the prerogative court of York, at which place he resided. He was reckoned one of the most eminent civilians of his day; and it was in a great measure owing to the number of unfortunate cases that came before him as a judge, which he so strongly represented in a pamphlet addressed to the then Lord Hardwicke, that the act which put an end to the Fleet marriages passed. It was on this gentleman that Lawrence Sterne, better known under the name of Tristram Shandy, made his first essay in a little pamphlet which he called "The Adventures of a Watchcoat." Here Major Topham, who was then a boy at Eton, was first ushered into the world of literary warfare, from having it stated that his father, who was there held forth as a watchman, "wanted to cut the parish watch-coat into a dress for his wife, and a pair of small-clothes for his son."

The subject of all this originated, says the biographer of "Public Characters," in a dispute with Dr. Fountain, the late Dean of York, who having neglected to fulfil an engagement made with Dr. Topham, engaged Tristram Shandy to endeavour to turn his breach of promise into ridicule. The best result was, that it became the means of first bringing forth into public notice, and afterwards into public admiration, Lawrence Sterne as an author, who was at that period a curate in the country, and till then totally unknown.

Major Topham passed eleven years at Eton, where he was fortunate enough to be distinguished by frequently having his verses publicly read by the master in school, or, as it is there termed, by being "sent up for good." He afterwards formed one of the numerous band of upper boys, who were very severely punished for being engaged in the great rebellion that took place under Dr. Forster, then master, so highly distinguished for his classical knowledge, yet, in the ways of the world, a very Parson Adams, and of course not well qualified to govern the greatest public seminary in the kingdom, which at one time boasted five hundred and fifty students!

After leaving Eton, Major Topham went as a fellow-commoner to Trinity College, Cambridge.—About this time his father died, and in a few months afterwards he lost his mother. His father—which is somewhat singular—although presiding over the very depository of wills, died intestate, and Major Topham had thus a good opportunity of beginning life well for a young man, for he executed all that his father intended to have done; a circumstance not a little advantageous to his eldest sister Charlotte, who married Sir Griffith Boynton,

Boynton, Bart. now nearly the oldest baronetage in England, and died in child-birth at Burton Agnes, in Yorkshire.

At Cambridge, Major T. remained four years, long enough to put on what is there called "an Harry Soph's gown," which many people would think was exchanging a good for a bad gown; that of the fellow-commoner being purple and silver, and the Harry Soph black silk.

From Cambridge he went abroad for a year and a half, and afterwards travelled through Scotland. This little tour became better known, as he afterwards gave an account of it "in Letters from Edinburgh," published by Dodsley. As the work of a stripling, they were so well received, that the first edition was soon out of print. Thence he removed to the seat of all human joy, in the eyes of a young man, London, and entered into the first regiment of life-guards, which in the hey-day of the blood may be thought to make that still greater. There is a principle about some men that never allows them to be quiet or inactive. This operated upon Major Topham in full force. He was soon appointed adjutant of that corps, and shortly after exhibited as a character in the windows of all the print shops under the title of "The Tip-top Adjutant." In truth, he was a Martinette of his day, and shortly converted a very heavy ill-disciplined regiment into a very good one. In consequence of this he received several commendatory notices from the King, and the old general officers of the time.

The Major, however, was not so absolutely absorbed in military tactics, as even then totally to estrange himself from literary pursuits. In the midst of his various avocations, he wrote many prologues and epilogues to the dramatic pieces of his friends; and to these the wits of the day were pleased to attach so much more fashion than falls to the share of fugitive pieces in general, that few plays were brought out that did not produce a request of this kind. To some of Mr. Cumberland's dramatic pieces, and to all those composed by his friend Mr. Andrews, he gave the last word in the shape of an epilogue. Amongst those that produced the greatest applause on the stage, was a prologue spoken by Mr. Lee Lewis, in the character of Moliere's old woman, which had the effect of bringing for many nights together a full house before the beginning of the play—a circumstance in dramatic story somewhat singular; and an epilogue that was afterwards delivered by Miss Farren, now Countess of Derby.

The managers of Drury-lane, who had protracted their season to great length, at the close of it, to add to their profits, let their theatre for a few nights to a party, collected heaven knows how! of people who fancied they had great stage talents. Hamlet's advice to actors formed no part of their tragedy. Amongst the rest was the father of Lawrence the painter, who having been unsuccessful in the wine trade, as an inn keeper, fancied that he had at least all the spirit necessary for a tragedian. The tragedy too was new, as well as the performers. Horace has observed—

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi:

but this rule, for the first time, was known to be fallacious; for nothing could be more mournful than the performers, as they cried almost from the beginning to the end of the piece. One character, in fact, never appeared without a white handkerchief to be in readiness for his grief. The result was, that be-

fore

fore half the play was over, the audience, which was very numerous, were in a state of convulsion: as the actors roared, the spectators roared with merriment, and every tear of the performer was accompanied with the laughter of the whole audience. Such a tragedy was certainly never performed before, and never has been performed since. It was this subject, luckily occurring at the time, that Major Topham selected for an epilogue, which was most admirably delivered by Miss Farren. The effect was such, that the elder Colman often declared that it brought five hundred pounds to the Haymarket theatre during that season. The author received from the manager in return a very handsome letter, with the perpetual freedom of the theatre.

Major Topham remained adjutant of the second life-guards about seven years, during which period he succeeded in making it the pattern regiment of the kingdom, and therefore, in some measure, actually merited the appellation of the Tip-top Adjutant. After this, in the regular course of purchase and promotion, he rose to be a captain, in consequence of which the duties of adjutant devolved upon another. What to many men would have been a recommendation, a life of less activity and trouble, was not a life of ease to him. *Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, was applied to a character of old; and an active mind is certainly never less at ease than when it has nothing to do.

At this time he first became acquainted with old Mr. Elwes, who frequently used to dine with him on guard, when he was not engaged in the house of commons. The son of Mr. Elwes was at that time in the same regiment; and it was from this circumstance that Major Topham became enabled to confer on that son those essential benefits which he afterwards performed. Having great influence with old Elwes, he had often been solicited by his friend to take an opportunity of speaking to the father on the subject of making a will, as from being a natural son he could not have inherited without it. The repugnance to talking about his property, much more to disposing of it, was in Mr. Elwes inconceivable; and therefore it was a matter of the utmost delicacy and difficulty. Major Topham, however, was fortunate enough to choose a moment, and to find a way to overcome this difficulty, and the two sons owe entirely to him the whole of the immense property they now possess; and when perhaps this property may be estimated at seven hundred thousand pounds, it must be considered as a service in point of importance, that has seldom been performed by one person to another.

From being more of a literary man than in general falls to the lot of officers, he had frequently at his dinner-parties on guard men not usually seen in a military mess. Horne Tooke, the elder Colman, M. P. Andrews, John Wilkes, and many other characters then well known, were in the habits of visiting him there. But although London is a scene which even in its very streets can never appear to want bustle and activity, yet when those streets have been paced over till every stone of them is become familiar, employment for an active mind may still be wanting, and

> "Still that something unpossess'd
> Corrodes and leavens all the rest."

The life of a captain of horse-guards, except when on duty, which was only four days in every month, was at that time a life of perfect inactivity, and therefore soon became irksome

irksome to Major Topham. The late Sir George Metham used to say, "that a man who does not feel his blood galloping as he gallops up Highgate-hill," has no further business in London, and with some kind of business he may be thus engaged. But all business may become familiar, and thus cease to have its allurements.

A circumstance happened about this time to the Major, which, as has been said, gave a sort of distinguishing colour to his future life. Mrs. Wells, of Drury-lane theatre, confessedly one of the most beautiful women of the day in which she lived, through the medium of a friend, sent to request him to write her an epilogue for her benefit. He naturally did not deny her request, and of course the reading and instructing her in the delivery produced interviews which the company of a woman so beautiful must always make dangerous. There are, as Sterne says, "certain chords, and vibrations, and notes that are correspondent in the human feelings, which frequent interviews awaken into harmony," and—if puns did not require spelling—frequently produce a *consort*.

What did occur may be easily supposed: a mutual intercourse, in consequence of mutual affection, in progress of time took place betwixt them. It may also be naturally supposed, that in return for the greatest gift a man can receive, the heart of a most beautiful woman, that he would devise every method to become serviceable to her interests and dramatic character, and think his time and talents never better employed than in advancing the reputation of her he loved. This desire, indeed, gave a new spur to his mind, and a fresh activity to his genius. It was this idea that first inspired the thought of establishing a public print. It has been said more than metaphorically, that "love first created The World." Here it was realised. Gallantry began what literature supported, and politics finished. It was thus, as we understand, from a wish to assist Mrs. Wells in her dramatic life, that the paper of The World first originated, and which, beginning from the passion for a fine woman, attracted to itself shortly afterwards as much public notice as ever fell to the share of a daily, and consequently a very fugitive publication.

Mr. John Bell, who was then one of the most popular booksellers of the time, having, by some accident, heard of this intention, proposed himself, under the condition of a third share, and the advantages resulting from printing and publishing the paper. No one was better experienced in this department of a public print. He had been an original proprietor of the Morning Post, and was as well acquainted as any man with the nature and taste of London itself. From the dispositions he made, together with his unexampled dexterity and perseverance, perhaps, more from the conversation which was generally held that such a publication was about to come forth, in one week the demand for The World exceeded that which had been made in the same time for any other newspaper. With the exception of the Anti-jacobin, no public print ever went upon the same ground; not depending so much on the immediate occurrence or scandal of the day, as upon the style of writing and the pleasantries that appeared there. In truth, some of the most ingenious men contributed towards it; and when the names of Merry, Jerningham, Andrews, Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. Robinson, Jekyll, and Sheridan, are mentioned as having frequently appeared in this print, the

the remark will not be doubted. The poetry of The World was afterwards collected into four volumes. Merry and Mrs. Cowley were the Della Crusca and Anna Matilda, who were so long admired, and who, during the whole writing of those very beautiful poems, were perfectly unknown to each other.

But admired as these productions, and many others were, that appeared in the paper of the World, it is a singular fact that the correspondence of two boxers, Humphries and Mendoza, raised the sale of the paper to a higher degree than all the contributions of most ingenious writers. It was the fashion of that time for the pugilists to send open challenges to each other, and thus publicly announce their days of fighting. This they chose to do through The World, as considering it the most fashionable paper; and their writing beat Sheridan all to pieces. What shall we say to this? Does it not realise the words of Johnson on the subject of the stage?

"But still reflect, our fate is not our choice,
The stage but echoes back the people's voice:
The Drama's laws, the Drama's patrons give,
For they who live to please, must please to live."

In a short time Mrs. Wells by her own intrinsic merit, added to a little instruction, rose to be one of the first actresses of her time. They who remember her and Edwin for four years, drawing crowded audiences to the Haymarket theatre, to the self-same performances, will judge whether this must not have been true; and they who have seen others repeat the same characters, may, perhaps, observe in the language of Shakespear—

"Alack the day! seeing what we have seen,
Seeing what we see!"

Major Topham's wishes, therefore were fully gratified. The paper of The World, of which he was editor, had extended itself beyond his utmost expectations. It was looked to as a repository for all the best writers of the day; it gave the tone to politics, and, what to him was still dearer, it contributed to the fame of the woman he loved.

But, alas! the dearest and most sanguine of our hopes are but as breath. Mrs. Wells, in her eagerness to appear in a particular part, to oblige the manager of Covent-garden, too soon after a lying-in of her last child, produced a revolution of her milk, which afterwards flew to her head, and occasionally disordered her brain. It can only be they who once knew her as she really was, that will join with us in exclaiming—

"Oh! what a noble mind was there o'erthrown!"

On this melancholy event taking place, the paper of The World, at which Major Topham had incessantly laboured for nearly five years, and which had now attained an unrivalled degree of eminence, lost in his eyes all its charms. He first determined to let it, reserving a certain profit from its sale; and in a short time he resolved to dispose of it altogether. Reynolds, the dramatist, on this occasion alluding to the name of the paper, quoted not unaptly the following phrase:—

"Who was it lost Mark Anthony the World?
A woman."

They who have known what the daily supply, the daily toil, the daily difficulty, the hourly danger, and the incessant tumult of a morning paper is, can alone know that chaos of the brain in which a man lives who has all this to undergo. Terror walks before him—fatigue bears him down—libels encompass him, and

and distraction attacks him on every side. He must be a literary man, and a commercial man: he must be a political man, and a theatrical man; and must run through all the changes from a pantomime to a prime minister. What every man is pursuing, he must be engaged in; and from the very nature and "front of his offence," he must be acquainted with all the wants, the weaknesses, and wickedness, from one end of London to the other.

To view all this might gratify curiosity for the moment: to live in it is to guide a little boat in a storm under a battery of great guns firing at him every moment; but even this has an advantage; it may endear retirement or make seclusion pleasant. In fact, and without a pun, on quitting The World, Major Topham retired to his native county, and has lived two hundred miles from the metropolis, without once visiting it during the space of six whole years.

Who could have done this? Who could have thought that remote hills, solitary plains, and, what is worse, country conversation, would have found charms sufficient to detain a town-made man from the streets of London? The physicians would answer, "cooling scenes are the lenitives of fever." After the long labours of a sultry day, where can the weary fly better than to the shade? The man thus circumstanced will naturally say—

"O rus! quando ego, te aspiciam, quandoque licibit
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!"

Major Topham, we understand, has not found, even in retirement, time hang heavy upon his hands. The duties of a country magistrate, in a large county, are very great, and very incessant. He has a considerable farm of some hundred acres under his own management, and his occasional hours he is dedicating to the compilation of a history of his own life. He has along with him, those who in his retirement have proved his best solace, three daughters, who are said to be nearly as beautiful as their mother, and whose manners and understandings are reported by those who have seen them, to be equal to all that might be expected.

Major Topham, living in the Wolds of Yorkshire, has not been insensible to the pleasure derived from rural sports. Among other country amusements, he has founded many coursing establishments. He is the possessor of the celebrated greyhound Snowball—brother to Major, the property of Colonel Thornton—whose breed is so well known, and so highly esteemed in the sporting world. The daughters of Major Topham are greatly distinguished for their superior skill in horsemanship.

One of the last of his literary works * was the Life of Mr. Elwes. If wide-spread circulation be any

* Amongst his dramatic productions are to be reckoned a farce, produced under the management of Mr. Sheridan at Drury lane, called "Deaf Indeed," respecting which the audience fully justified the title, by not hearing above half of it. To that succeeded, a the same theatre, a farce called "The Fool," first produced for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, and afterwards repeated for many nights. The fame which Mrs. Wells had acquired in her performance of Becky Cadwallader, suggested the idea of the latter production, and she realised all the expectations that had been formed upon this occasion

His next was entitled "Bonds without Judgment," performed for many successive nights at Covent-garden. His last farce received the appellation

test of merit, it certainly had this to boast. It was originally published in numbers in The World, which it raised in sale about one thousand papers. It was thence copied into all the different provincial ones, and afterwards; with some revisions, collected and published in a volume. It is now passing through an eleventh edition. The late Horace Walpole used to say of it, "that it was the best collection of genuine anecdote he knew."

Nor has this author been less distinguished for his knowledge and experience as a sportsman, having very handsomely contributed his assistance in writing an interesting account of "ancient and modern coursing," for an elegant and popular work, entitled, "*The Sportsman's Cabinet.*"

In the last place, we find his pen employed in the production of many interesting notes to a new and beautiful edition of Somervile's Chase, illustrated with engravings by that ingenious artist Mr. John Scott.

No man has more of the manners of a gentleman, or more of the ease and elegance of fashionable life, than Major Topham; though fond of retirement, he communicates himself through a large circle of acquaintance, and is of a temper so easy and companionable, that those who see him once, know him; and those who know him have a pleasing acquaintance: and, if services are required, a warm and zealous friend. His knowledge of life and manners, enlivens his conversation with a perpetual novelty, while his love of humour and ridicule, always restrained within the bounds of benevolence and good-nature, add to the pleasures of the social table, and animate the jocundity of the festive board.

LORD CHEDWORTH'S WILL.

THE will of the late Lord Chedworth, as a singular character, has engaged so much of the public interest, that we have obtained a faithful copy of it from Doctors' Commons. It is perfectly known that the late Lord was in his habit and manners extremely retired. Of a constitution naturally infirm and nervous, he avoided crowds, and his taste for the Drama led him to the theatre as his only amusement. He chiefly associated with persons belonging to the theatres; and this accounts for the numerous legacies he has left to them. On the occasion of the very unfortunate affair at Epsom, which was the source of his dejection through life, he complained of being deserted by those relatives, whose duty he thought it was to have come forward in support of his character; and this perhaps accounts for the alienation of his great property. His estates are very large, and free from incumbrances.

appellation of "The Westminster Boy;" and being brought out for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, proved so in reality—not a Westminster boy being absent who could procure money to purchase admittance. For them, the very name was sufficient; and concluding there must be something hostile in it, they began, by signal, their operations against it, as Mr. Holman commenced the prologue. The fact we understand to be, that the name was merely taken to introduce Mrs. Wells, who was a beautiful figure in boy's clothes, in the dress of a Westminster boy. But this, among a thousand others in Stage History, will remain to prove how the fate of many pieces have been determined on ideas totally mistaken.

brances. Mr. Wilson, his steward and solicitor, lately obtained for him an account from his former steward and receiver, which had been unsettled for twenty years, and by which a very large sum was brought forth. The residuary legatee, Mr. Penrice, who is a very able professional man at Yarmouth, and who stood forth in defence of his Lordship on the trying occasion to which we have alluded, will, in all probability, come to the enjoyment of from 100 to L.200,000.

In the name of God, Amen. I, John, Lord Chedworth, Baron of Chedworth, in the county of Gloucester, being of sound and disposing mind, make this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills and testaments by me made:—

First, I resign my soul into the hands of Almighty God, in humble hope of the forgiveness of my sins, through Jesus Christ, on whose merits alone I rely for salvation.

He wills that his body be decently interred, without expensive parade.

He gives and devises all his lands, tenements, messuages, and hereditaments, and all his estates and interest, of what kind or nature soever, situate, lying, and being, in the several counties of Gloucester and Wilts, and also his dwelling-house in Brook-street, Ipswich, in the county of Suffolk, with the garden, and all appurtenances thereunto belonging, to Richard Wilson, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. and Thomas Penrice, of Great Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk, Gentleman, or the survivors of them, and to their heirs, or the heirs of the survivors of them for ever, in trust, to sell and dispose of the same for as much money as can be gotten for them.

He also gives all his personal estate, not therein otherwise disposed of, to the said Richard Wilson and Thomas Penrice, in trust, to apply the same, together with the monies arising from the sale of his said real estates, to the several purposes thereinfter mentioned.

First, he wills that all his just debts be paid and discharged, and gives and bequeaths the following legacies:—

To his revered uncle, Thomas White, of Tottingstone, in the county of Suffolk, Esq. L.1000. He does not give him more, because he well knows that at his advanced age, and with his regulated desires, he does not want any acquisition of property, and trusts that he will accept this merely as a token of the very great gratitude and veneration which he feels towards him.

To the said Richard Wilson the sum of L.15,000, on condition that he shall undertake and execute the office of executor, and also the several trusts therein mentioned.

To the said Richard Wilson the further sum of L.5000 on the like conditions.

To the said Thomas Penrice, L.20,000 on the like conditions.

To his cousin, Alex. Wright, Esq. L.10,000.

To his cousin, Mary Daniel, widow, L.10,000.

To the said Richard Wilson and Alexander Wright, L.4000 in trust, to invest the same in the funds, and apply the interest thereof to the maintenance of his cousin, William Wright, clerk.

To the said Richard Wilson and Thomas Penrice, the sum of L.13,000 in trust, to invest the same in the funds, and pay the interest thereof to Richard Edgar, Esq. of Gough-square, in the city of London, to be by him applied—without account—to the maintenance of his daughter, Sarah Ann Edgar, by his late wife, formerly Sarah Ann Selby, of Ipswich; and on

on the arrival of the said Sarah Ann Edgar at the age of twenty-one years, his will is, that the principal money be transferred immediately to the said Sarah Ann Edgar.

To the said Rich. Edgar L.500.

To Charlotte Selby, of Ipswich, spinster, L.500.

To Lucy Mary, the wife of Frederick Edgar, Esq. late Lucy Mary Selby, L.500

To Mary Taylor, widow, formerly of the theatre royal, Norwich, L.13,000, and until his estates can be sold, and the legacy paid, his will is that the executors do pay the said Mary L.300 a year.

To Harriet Taylor, daughter of the said Mary Taylor, L.4000.

To Fanny Valentine, spinster, sister of the said Mary Taylor, L.3000.

To the said Richard Wilson and Thomas Penrice, L.13,000 in trust, to invest the same in the funds, and pay the interest thereof to Mary, the wife of William Howard, of Bouverie-street, near Fleet-street, in or near the city of London, to be applied to the use of the said Mary Howard, separate from her husband, or without being liable to his debts, or subject to his control: and after the decease of the said Mary Howard, then to pay the principal money to such person as she the said Mary Howard shall direct and appoint; and in case she shall leave no such testamentary direction, then he wills that the said principal money be paid to the said William Howard: and in case the said Mary Howard shall survive her said husband, and should not leave any such testamentary direction, then he wills that the said principal money be paid to the children of the said Mary Howard, or in case they should be infants, to such person or persons as should be appointed guardian or guardians to the said children.

To the said William Howard, L.3000

To Elizabeth Forsett, of Ipswich, spinster, L.6000.

To John Barney, of Ipswich, merchant, L.4000.

To Margaret Lyddow, of Tyson-row, Kingsland-road, in the county of Middlesex, widow, formerly Margaret Rix, of Ipswich, spinster, L.3000.

To Dorothy Gooch, formerly of Great Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk, but now of Orford, in the county of Suffolk, spinster, L.6000.

To George Penrice, natural son to the said Thomas Penrice, L.6000.

To the said Richard Wilson and Thomas Penrice, L.2500 in trust, to invest the same in the funds, and apply the interest to the use and behoof of Harriet, the wife of Walter Bedell, formerly of Fleet-street, London, linen-draper—formerly Harriet Bannister, spinster—separate and apart from her husband, or being liable to his debts, or in any way subject to his control; and for payment of which interest, as it becomes due, the receipt of the said Harriet alone to be sufficient. And after the decease of the said Harriet, he wills that the said principal money shall be paid to the children of the said Harriet; or in case of their being infants, then, for their use and behoof to such person or persons as should be appointed their guardians, in case the said W. Bedell should not then be living.

To his good friend, the Rev. Wm. Layton, L.1300.

To his sister, Mary Ann Layton, L.1300.

To the Rev. Thomas Crompton, in token that I am in perfect amity with him, L.1000.

To that illustrious statesman and true patriot, the Hon. Chas. James Fox, L.3000.

To

To Lydia Hallum, spinster, L.200.

To Mary, the wife of James Royal Willett, Esq. L.200.

To Wm. Smith, of Bury St. Edmund's, Esq. L.200.

To the Rev. Wm. Clerke, of Norton Clerke, L.200.

To Susannah Clerke and Charlotte Clerke, his sisters, L.200 each.

To the Rev. Mr. Glover, of the city of Norwich, L.200, in testimony of my sense of his judicious and generous exertions in behalf of injured innocence.

To Elizabeth Edmead, formerly of the theatre royal, Norwich, L.1300.

To John Powell, formerly of the same, and of the theatre royal, Drury-lane, L.1300.

To Edward Seymour, otherwise called Edward Hickery, otherwise called Edward Hickery Seymour, late of the theatre royal, Norwich, L.1300.

To Dr. Thomson L.200, over and above whatever may be due to him as a remuneration for his frequent attendances on him.

To Mrs. Frances Wood, L.200.

To his servant, Wm. Lunnis, L.600, in consideration of the great care and affectionate attention which he had experienced from him during his illness, for which he could not but be grateful while he lived.

To Elizabeth Ashpool, spinster, L.600.

To James Jaques, of Great Yarmouth, Gent. L.600, in testimony of his great respect for him.

To his servant, Avery Truman, L.500.

To his servant, Mrs. Rose Cockerall, L.600, and

To his late servant, Wm. Clarke, to whose care and attention he had likewise been much indebted, L.500.

To his servant, Susan Day, L.100.

To all his servants, who shall be in his service at the time of his death, two years wages and mourning.

To Mary Ann Kent, formerly of the theatre royal, Norwich, but now of Barnes, in Surry, spinster, L.600.

To Matilda Deer, spinster, L.300.

To her sister, Mrs. Walford, widow, L.300.

To his respected friend, Thomas Green, Esq. his head of Vandyck, by himself, with such other of his paintings and prints as he might choose to accept.

To James Pulham, of Woodbridge, Gent. L.600.

His books he wills should be divided between the said Thomas Penrice, Thomas Green, and Wm. Layton, to choose alternately, and to draw lots for the order of choice, provided that if there be any books, not exceeding 50 vols. which the said Edward Seymour should wish for, they should allow him to take them.—If he wishes for a copy of his Lordship's notes on Shakespear, a copy to be made for him—the original he gives to the said Thomas Penrice.

His will is, if the produce arising from the sale of his estates, together with his personal estates, be not sufficient, after the payment of his debts, for the full payment of the said legacies, that then each of the said legacies, above the value of L.1000, should abate in proportion; and if there should be more than sufficient, then his will is, that all the real residue and remainder should go to the said Thomas Penrice.

To Lucy Pratt, of Ipswich, L.200.

And I do nominate, constitute, and appoint the said Richard Wilson and Thomas Penrice, executors of this my last will and testament. This is my last will and testament,

written

written with my own hand, and sealed with my seal, this eighteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four. CHEDWORTH.

Signed, sealed, published, and delivered, by the above-named testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, in the presence of the said testator, and at his request, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names, the day and year above-written.

Samuel Fitch.
Poette Jackson.
Charles Batteley.

All of whom live in Ipswich.

This is a codicil to the last will and testament of me, John Lord Chedworth, which will is dated the 18th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1804. This codicil is written with my own hand.

I give to my faithful servant, William Lunnis, the further sum of L.350.

To my executor, Richard Wilson, the further sum of L.20,000.

To my friend, William Dean, of Arwarton, in the county of Suffolk, Gent. L.6000.

To Lydia Hallum, spinster, in consequence of my understanding that her income is much smaller than I supposed, the sum of L.3000.

And my will and pleasure is, that my executor, Thomas Penrice, his heirs, assigns, executors, and administrators, shall pay to my barber, William Graves of Ipswich, one clear annuity of L.60 per annum, for and during the life of the said William Graves.

This is a codicil to my last will and testament, which codicil is written with my own hand, and sealed with my seal, this 10th day of September, 1804.

CHEDWORTH.

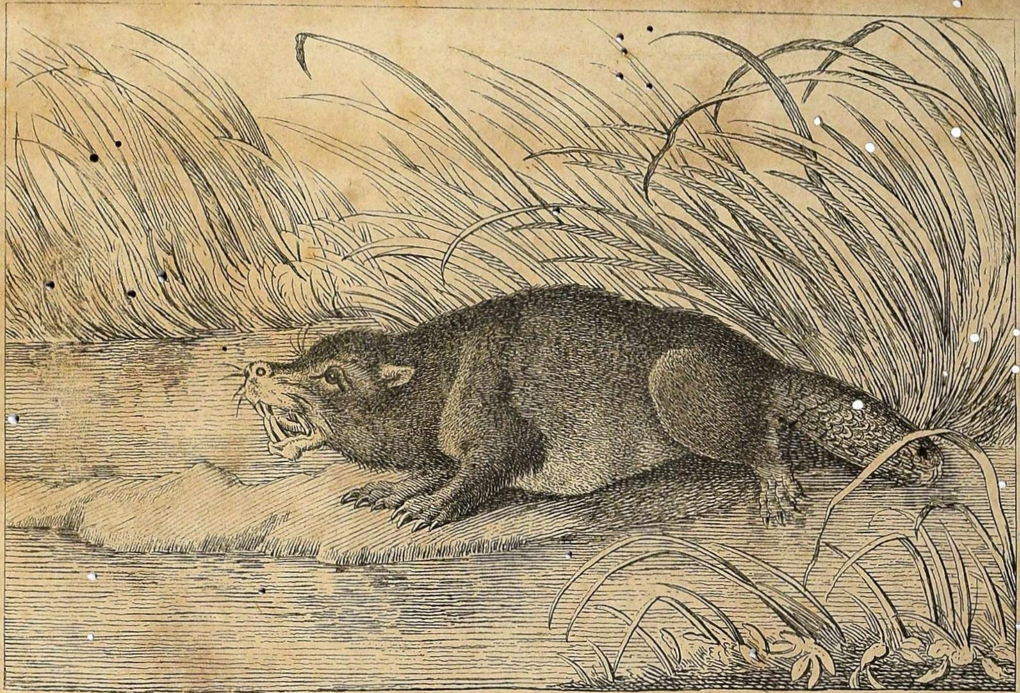
THE BEAVER.

An Etching, by Mr. Bell.

IT may not be uninteresting to our numerous readers to give, this month, a correct etching of that singular animal the beaver. They are found in most parts of the north of Europe, and in America; are a gregarious animal, generally three feet from the nose to the tail. The hind feet only have membranes between the toes, to assist its motion in the water. Being amphibious, the tail is broad and flat, covered with scales, and is used in the water as a rudder to steer its course. It appears to be the only animal whose society cannot be dissolved, nor its nature altered by the endeavours of man. When detached from its companions, it seems destitute of providing for its safety either by stratagem or defence; a dull, solitary creature, incapable of either attachments or antipathies, which is to be wondered at, considering the great art and ingenuity it displays in its native situation. Nothing can exceed the skilfulness of these animals in the construction of their habitations: their plans are laid, their materials collected, and their buildings erected with that methodical order, strength, and uniformity, as to equal, in many instances, the wisdom of the human mind.—For more ample confirmation of this, see our Magazine, No. 10, for July, 1793, vol. ii, page 244—5.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.

THIS was for a wager of 100 guineas, between Lieut. Fairman and Col. Lockhart, on Friday, Nov. 9, 1804: the former to go sixty miles on foot, within 14 hours, upon the race-ground at Ipswich. The Colonel arrived there on Thursday



The Beaver.

Pub. Dec. 1. 1804, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

Thursday morning, and Lieutenant Fairman some days before.—A single mile of the race course had been previously measured off, in presence of friends on both sides, by Mr. Bramsby, the surveyor. Soon after the Colonel's arrival, he went (accompanied by Mr. Fairman) to inspect the ground, which was agreed to, and every necessary preliminary presently adjusted. The gentlemen then returned to Ipswich together in the Colonel's chaise, separated, and did not meet again till just prior to the appointed time of starting.

Lieutenant Fairman having given notice of setting out at twelve o'clock at night, and having engaged a room at the grand stand for his accommodation, rode up to the race-course, attended only by his servant, about six in the evening, and, after taking some refreshment, retired to bed, giving positive directions to be called at eleven. He slept soundly till one, when, on being awoke and told the hour, he betrayed some agitation, supposing, naturally enough, that he had been permitted to oversleep himself, and that he had consequently lost so much of his time. His fears, however, proved groundless. A new arrangement had been made between his friends and Colonel Lockhart, unknown to him, to extend the hour of starting till two. On this explanation he immediately recovered his confidence and tranquillity, assuring every one who had access to him, that he had no doubt of winning.

Lieut. Fairman having dressed, and taken some animal food, which, contrary to the advice of his friends, he washed down with a bason of strong tea, went up to the starting post, directly opposite, precisely at two; an equal half mile being measured each way, so as to leave the house he refreshed at exactly in the centre. Having touched the post, he went off in a gallant style, the retrogade way of the course, turning round a stake at the end of the half mile, and reaching the place from whence he started, making up the mile, in little more than nine minutes. He then proceeded to a stake at the other end, and turning about it in a similar way, arrived a second time at the goal in something less than ten minutes, which he continued to do until he had completed the first six miles within the hour. At nearly this rate he pursued his journey until he had gone over fifteen miles, when he was recommended to refresh. To this he boldly replied, that he was in wind and strength, and would go on, at least, two miles further; when, at the renewed entreaty of his friends, he made the first halt, having performed these seventeen miles without the smallest visible inconvenience. On going into the house appropriated for his reception, he conversed cheerfully with those about him, and desired to have some toast sopped in Madeira, which, by his own direction, had been previously prepared.

Having ate of this very sparingly, he walked firmly up to the starting-post, and after taking a few deliberate paces, until he had recovered from the glare of the light, he went off in the same intrepid style until he had performed his second stage, consisting of fifteen miles, making in all thirty-two, which he accomplished in the dark, to the astonishment and admiration of every body, with apparent ease, including the first stoppage, in less than six hours; nor would he now have rested, but at the earnest solicitation of his friends. This was his grand and only halt of any consequence. Being stripped, and rubbed down with hot towels, he soaked his feet for a few moments in warm water, and was then bathed all over with spirits. He now put

put on a complete second dress, in readiness for the occasion; after which he took his usual breakfast of tea and toast, contrary again to the opinion of his friends, who strongly pressed him to try something more solid and nourishing.

After devoting upwards of half an hour to the changing of his dress, and to the enjoyment of this repast, he started about twenty minutes before nine, as vigorously as ever, to perform the remaining twenty-eight miles. Nearly seven hours and a half being good, and a very thick fog having come on with the dawn of day, which had no appearance of dispersing, and indeed continued until noon, he began to slacken his pace; but still, upon an average, performing a mile in thirteen minutes. This he continued, until he had gone a dozen miles farther; when, at the request of his friends, he was again prevailed upon to halt for a few seconds, and to take a small piece of toast sopped in Madeira as before, having finished the third stage, including the halt, in about three hours, which left him four hours and a half for the last sixteen miles.

Feeling now that the match was reduced to a probable certainty, he walked for the most part the remainder of the distance, trotting only occasionally by way of varying his pace, for the sake of ease. At the end of ten miles more, by the advice of his surgeon, he halted again for three or four minutes, and took another small piece of toast sopped in Madeira. He now started for the last time, having only six miles to go, and upwards of two hours and a quarter to perform it in, which, it is hardly necessary to add, he accomplished 27 minutes within the time, to the infinite satisfaction of a numerous assemblage of spectators, who cheered and caressed him throughout the performance.

UNFAIR PLAY.

GOSS *v.* HARRISON.

MR. GIBBS stated this to be an action against the defendant for the recovery of L.42, which the defendant had won of the plaintiff by unfair play, by shaking a guinea under the hat, which was cut on one side with notches, and was flat upon the other, so that the defendant knew it to be heads when the sound was shrill, and tails when the sound was flat, by which means he knew what to call every time, and by these means won of the plaintiff forty guineas, by which it might be said it was "Heads, I win—Tails, you lose."

Lord Ellenborough at first doubted whether Mr Gibbs could be allowed to call evidence to support this case, since it appeared to border very closely upon felony.

Mr. Gibbs said, it certainly was a cheat, but he thought it could not be denominated a theft; and he submitted that this action might be maintained.—Mr. Garrow observed, that in all his experience in criminal courts of justice, he had always observed that the cases of felony upon gambling had been where one person swept away at once all the money upon the table, without any play; but here there was the sham of giving the plaintiff a chance for his money.

Lord Ellenborough having allowed the proof to be entered into,

The case was proved precisely as opened by Mr. Gibbs. The defendant had won of the plaintiff forty guineas, by calling "heads and tails" on a guinea spun under a hat. It was notched, so that the defendant knew the shrill from the flat sound, so as to be able to tell four times out of five at a certainty, and in that cheating way he had gained the money. Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages L.42.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

IN our account of the new play, "The Blind Bargain," the witticisms of Sir Andrew Analyse, from his new Dictionary, are very imperfectly given. Since printing that article, we have been favoured with the following accurate quotations from the MS. of the Comedy itself—

AUTHOR—One who never lives till he dies—who gets less in a year than an underwriter does in an hour—who gives the wall to newspaper editors, reviewers, and managers—who lies at the mercy of devils, and may be d—d for a shilling; and, instead of a crown of laurels—— exit, in a little cock'd hat, darn'd stockings, and a coat out at the elbows.

ENGLISH SAILOR—One who fights for his country, honours his king, hates the purser—*will* ride in a post chaise and four—wont cut off his tail—sticks to his friend—and doats on grog, tobacco, pretty women, and a Spanish war.

BANKER—One who is so careful of his customers' money, that he seldom pays at sight; never opens shop till after breakfast, shuts up long before tea-time, and generally takes three days to say grace before any body can get a dinner.

DUN—One who labours to support credit, assist commerce, and prevent law—who seldom pays visits in the city, mostly in the squares, where he is so well received, that he is constantly asked to call again—who is laugh'd at by people in lock-up houses, married ladies, and M. P.'s—and who can clear public places of box-lobby loungers, and opera-scene hunters, sooner than all the constables and Bow-street officers put together.

FASHION—is that which follows patriots, preachers, caps, *crim. con.* and opera dancers—which scouts the city, but often visits that part of it called Duke's-place, from the numerous nobility who frequent it—which quizzes trade, but is liable to the bankrupt laws—which paints faces, chalks ball-rooms, jigs Sir David Hunter Blair, drives coaches—and if not in separate beds, sleeps in one of such magnitude, that whilst my lady dozes in one parish, my lord snores in another.

BARRISTER—One who lives by agitation, consultation, cross-examination, and botheration—who cuts attorneys in public, but nods to them in private—who on the day of trial proposes arbitration, returns brief, but keeps fee.

OLD MAID—An animal who delights in cards, scandal, curiosity, and cats—mostly to be found in cold climates, often in no climate—and may be taken alive, on May-day, Valentine's-day, and all other days.

ENGLAND—An island inhabited by those who grumble at the times themselves, but wont let any body else grumble—who make money all the morning, and spend it all the evening—who are always highly

highly spoken of in new plays and farces; and with reason, for they encourage managers, spare authors, and applaud actors.—*Vide* Pit—Box—Gallery—Bumper—Rapture—Thunder—and, Hearts of Oak.

DOCTOR.—*Vide* Undertaker—Wig—Ready Money—Small Talk—Calf's Head—Barber's Pole—and, Old Woman.

LEGAL WIT.—In a recent trial in the King's Bench, Chapman *v.* Sir Gregory Page Turner, an action to enforce the payment of L.574, for an ornamental *iron bridge*, it became material to know whether the worthy Knight had adopted his Lady's order for the bridge, and for that purpose a Mr. Cartwright was called into the box, who deposed to his having heard Sir Gregory say, after much violence and altercation with his Lady—"Well, my dear, I shall keep an *iron rod* over you in future, and must insist that you order no more *iron bridges*." Her Ladyship replied, that she would not, provided Sir Gregory gave her a handsome *railing* to the one she *had* ordered. This was construed an adoption; but Mr. Erskine, who conducted the defence, insisted that Sir Gregory was only speaking *ironically*, and that if the witness was correct, the worthy Knight had most unqestionably given his wife a handsome *railing*. This *pun*, however, failed of carrying Sir Gregory safe *over the bridge*, as the Jury, equally *arch* with the Learned Counsel, adjudged Sir Gregory liable to pay for his wife's ornamental *iron* taste. The bridge is therefore likely to prove a very *costly* one, particularly as the barristers and the lawyers must receive a very handsome *toll*, before the worthy knight can be permitted to enjoy a *free* passage over his fish-pond in *Battle-stone park*.

THE following anecdote was related by an American gentleman, the other day, at the New York coffee-house—An old gentleman, at the point of death, called a faithful Negro to him, telling him he would do him an honour before he died. The fellow thanked him, and hoped Massa would live long. "I intend, Cato," said the Master, "to allow you to be buried in the family vault." "Ah, Massa," returns Cato, "me no like dat; ten pounds would be better to Cato; he no care where he be buried; besides, Massa, suppose we buried together, and the devil come looking for Massa in the dark, he might take away poor Negar-man in mistake."

A GENTLEMAN from Bath, who frequents Anderton's Hotel, in Fleet-street, always remarkably loquacious, was observing, a few evenings since, to a gentleman in the coffee-room, that he had lost some of his front teeth, but added, it had not hurt his speech; to which the gentleman replied, that it was pretty evident, though he had lost his teeth, he had not lost his *jaw!*

CURIOUS coincidence of names.—The following whimsical list occurs in the last Irish papers—Married lately, Mr. *Fisher* to Miss *Bait*; Mr. A. *Pink*erton, to Miss *Red*-head; Mr. Toby *Tooth*, to Miss Ann *Nail*; Mr. Patrick *Hogg*, to Miss Sally *Swiney*; and Mr. *Fry*, clerk to a *Salmon* Company, to Miss *Pickle*, of *Oyster*-Haven.

A GAMEKEEPER in the north of England, is stated to have killed sixteen *woodcocks* at one shot; on which a wag exclaimed—"*fowl-murder!*"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE hunters' stakes, run for at Lincoln races in September last, fourteen subscribers, at ten guineas each, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Terrewest's bay mare, Miss Nelson; and the stewards were of opinion this mare was duly qualified, and entitled to the subscription. This was objected to by one of the subscribers, who alleged, that Miss Nelson had won a cup at Mansfield in July last, contrary to the articles of this race, and was thereby disqualified. In consequence of this objection, the case was referred to the members of the Jockey Club, who have decided—That the mare was qualified, and that Mr. Terrewest is entitled to the stakes.

RACES at Epsom.—Two matches have for some time been pending, which were agreed upon by the parties to be decided on Epsom Downs the beginning of this month.

The first was a match between two ponies, for fifty guineas each. The one a beautiful gray, belonging to Mr. Pearce, and a long time considered as the fastest goer in England. The owner has long challenged to run him against any horse of his size. The other a handsome bay, the property of Mr. Shoubridge, of Brighton, and had run only once before.

Just before starting, the odds were six to four on the grey, but, when ready to start, the bets were even. A better race has seldom been witnessed. The two animals continued together, almost neck and neck, till they came near to the distance post, when the bay took the lead and kept it to the end of the race. The two-mile heat was run nearly all the way at full speed.

The second match was run between Mr. Woodman's and Mr. Dyson's gray mares, of Watford. They are both well known in the sporting world, having run together on a former occasion for a considerable sum. Mr. Dyson's mare was the favourite at starting; and odds as high as three to one were betted. After running two miles they were abreast of each other, when Mr. Dyson's mare bolted, and ran a considerable way out of the course. Before the rider could bring her into the course again, Mr. Woodman's mare had got a quarter of a mile the lead, and twenty to one was offered on the race; notwithstanding which, Mr. Dyson's mare made a push, and recovered her lost ground, when they had about a mile to go; and after much whipping and spurring, ultimately succeeded in winning the race by several lengths. The ground was very crowded.

TUESDAY morning, Nov. 6, a person in the neighbourhood of the Foundling Hospital, trotted his mare for one hundred guineas in a chaise; he started from Islington at ten o'clock,

o'clock, and was to go twenty miles in two hours, which he performed with apparent ease in six minutes within the time limited.

FRIDAY afternoon, Nov. 9, a match was run on the Woodford road by two ponies; one a black poney, belonging to a fishmonger on Fish-street Hill; the other a bay one, belonging to a son of Solomon in Whitechapel. The match was for fifty guineas each, and was from the four mile to the nine mile stone at Woodford. The black poney, from his superior bottom, and having a most excellent jockey, won the race by a considerable distance, the ground they ran over being a rising hill all the way, and the bay poney being, though a very fast one, much slighter than the other. After the first match was determined, they made a second, to run each of them against time, which was won also by the black poney, having five minutes to spare.

THE following matches have already been made for the Newmarket Meetings of next year—

Mr. R. Boyce's Brainworm, against Mr. Mellish's Diddler, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. Mellish's Eagle, against Mr. Wyndham's Marianne, 200gs, h. ft.

Lord F. G. Osborne's b. c. by Overton, against Gen. Grosvenor's Grassini, 100gs, h. ft.

Lord F. G. Osborne's ch. c. by Buzzard, against Gen. Grosvenor's Have-at-'em, 100gs, h. ft.

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. by John Bull, against Mr. R. Boyce's ch. f. 100gs, h. ft.

Sir J. Shelley's Strap, against Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Buzzard, 100gs.

SATURDAY, Nov. 8, Mr. Richard Wright, gamekeeper to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart. of Brayton-house, killed sixteen Woodcocks. We presume, such a shot is rarely met with. One of these woodcocks is of an extraordinary colour; a light yellow, with yellow legs, and a bill somewhat larger than has generally been seen.

THE sportsmen in the neighbourhood of Havering-Hall, in Suffolk, have been very successful this season. The Hon. Mr. Vanneck, in the course of three days, shot seventy-six brace of pheasants.

A CERTAIN dashing young man of large fortune lost, the other evening, at a subscription-house, at the west end of the town, eighty thousand pounds, a sum greater than his whole property would pay. The winner is a person of high rank. The unfortunate gamester gave another proof of his enterprising genius by doubling the stakes; and by this hazardous manœuvre he recovered his losses, and won a considerable sum of his antagonist.

ONE of the most dashing bloods upon town some time ago, who kept his racers, his fillies, his hunters, and chariots, has at length completed his career in the King's Bench prison, beyond the reach of any act of grace.

A FOOT race has been talked of between the Hon. Mr. Edward Harbord—Lord Suffield's son—and Mr. Barclay, for a considerable sum. These gentlemen are supposed to be the two swiftest runners in England, and neither of them has ever yet been beaten. Mr. Harbord beat a runner of great repute, for a wager of one hundred guineas, on the Paddington road, a few months ago. This feat of activity drew forth a challenge from a celebrated runner of the name of Wade, of Aylesham, whilst Mr. Harbord was on a visit at Gunton-house. The challenge was accepted, and the match was performed on Saturday morning, Nov. 10, in Gunton-

Gunton-Park, and was decided in favour of Mr. Harbord, who beat his opponent by upwards of four yards out of one hundred, which was the distance agreed upon to be run. Several country gentlemen were present, and a number of bets were made.

BANDY Jack, who lately walked to York and back in six days, six hours, and forty minutes, from Fulham bridge, is again matched to perform the same journey on the 15th day of December, for eight hundred guineas, in six days, should the weather prove favourable for the journey; and, if not, he has undertaken to perform it on the 15th day of the ensuing month.

A FOOT race for one hundred guineas, ten miles, was walked on the Rochdale road to Manchester, on Monday the 12th inst. between James Coates and Thomas Davies, when the former beat his adversary nearly 300 yards.

ON Monday, Nov. 12, took place a long pending rowing match between J. Lowther and R. Stewart, Esqrs. which was acknowledged by the amateurs present to have been the best contested ever witnessed. They started from the Swan, London Bridge, and rowed to the Swan, at Chelsea. The odds were at first three to two on Mr. Lowther, but before the match was decided, five to two were bet on Mr. Stewart, he having taken the lead all the way to Ranelagh Gardens, where they both came in contact; Stewart's boat was then in very shallow water, and unfortunately he lost one of his sculls, which gave his opponent the opportunity of passing him, and decided the match. Mr. Lowther is greatly superior in strength, but is thought not to possess so much skill as his adversary. Another match is expected to take place; Mr. Stewart appears to be the favourite.

BOXING.—On Friday morning, the 2d instant, a battle, as well contested as any in the annals of pugilism, was fought in the Tare-field at Kilburn, between Handy, a gentleman's coachman, and Anstey, a higler at Paddington. The combatants staked ten guineas each, in June last, to fight for within six months. They are tried men, and a hard fight was looked for; but the odds were in favour of the coachman, who is known in the old pugilistic school by the appellation of Young Ben. At the commencement of the fight, each seemed confident of success. Some hard blows were struck by Anstey, most of which were prevented from having effect, by the clean stopping of his antagonist. Towards the middle of the conflict, the coachman seemed distressed, and bets became even. After this, Handy's courage and strength seemed to have regained vigour, and he fought well, until, in the fifty-fourth round, he received a blow on the stomach, which rendered him incapable of rising, and decided the contest. The fight lasted one hour and twenty minutes.

Hurley Bottom, the spot where the champion Belcher first grounded his pugilistic fame, in the battle with Bourke, and which has since been distinguished for fights of lesser note, was, on Monday the 5th instant, the seat of action between a Berkshire hero, of the name of Flowers, and a black, a country pugilist, known by the name of Black Jemmy. Flowers is coachman to Major H—r—h, of Dunsdon Green, in the county, and was matched for 25 guineas, a fortnight since, to fight his opponent, who lives by his profession, and never refuses a challenge. At the commencement

mencement of the fight, the fame of Jemmy had a powerful influence over the coachman, who shifted much in the first ten rounds. During this interval, Jemmy had touched him fine by a favourite hit at the pit of the stomach. Coachee vomited much, which cleared him out fit for action, and so dexterously did he throw in his blows, that after the fight had lasted half an hour, the claret flowed so copiously from the head and body of Mungo, that his hits were unavailing. Bets were at this time five and six to one on the coachman, who won the battle, after a hard fight of 56 minutes. The black was removed off the ground in a post chaise, apparently lifeless, from the loss of blood. Most of the country gentlemen, amateurs, were present, and considerable sums were sported.

—— Brinken, Esq. from Bath, well known for his pugilistic science, is arrived in London, and has brought with him a person from Wells, whom he has matched with the Young Chicken, for 900 guineas. The battle will take place the latter end of next month. Mr. Brinken intends running against time, in Sloan-street, for 2000 guineas. He practises every morning, and is now able to run six miles in three quarters of an hour.

On Sunday morning, the 18th instant, two battles were fought in Hyde Park. The first was between Geo. Rowley, a calenderer, and Adkins, a butcher. This fight afforded but little amusement to the spectators. The combatants were badly matched, and the fight was declared in favour of Rowley, who severely beat his opponent.

The second fight was earnestly looked for by some gentlemen of the fist who were present. The combatants were, Kinnaird, a butcher—a pupil of Holmes's—and Hanker, a smith. In this fight science to perfection was introduced. Hanker has seen his youthful days, and is termed a tough bit, since he beat M'Cready at Paddington, two years since. He merited the appellation in this: but the youthful strength of his antogonist had a powerful ascendancy over superior skill, and Kinnaird was declared the victor in the 36th round. They were both exhausted and much beaten.

Last month, a battle was fought near Huntingdon. The parties were a waterman of Standground, named Fuller, and shepherd of Godmanchester, named Fisher. After a few rounds, Fuller received an unlucky blow, which killed him on the spot. The successful champion, in the confusion, escaped.

On Monday the 29th ult. died, in the 40th year of his age, the celebrated George Morland, whose uncommon genius as an artist did honour to his country, and will for ever place him in the first class of painters. As a faithful copier of nature, it is universally allowed none could exceed him. The eccentricity of his character led him into constant difficulties. He was immoderately given to drinking, which ruined his constitution, and accelerated his death.

Thus died a man whose works will live, while taste for correct, yet spirited delineations of nature, in the humble walks of life, bear any value, and when his imperfections and eccentricities as a man are forgotten.

He was the eldest son of Henry Morland, an artist of merit, who lived to a great age; and his mother is now living, upwards of 80. He is said to have been the next heir of Sir Henry Morland, Bart. but never claimed the title.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ALL THE WORLD IN CHASE.

A BALLAD.

LIFE'S a general chase, and the world is the field,
Where friends friends hunt, and brothers hunt brothers,
Where, to-day, fairly hunted, to us others yield,
And to-morrow we 're hunted by others.

Through calling, profession, and trade, to get rich,
All wrangle, and squabble, and scramble,
Through wood, dale, and bottom, o'er hedge, stile, and ditch,
Through bush, and through briar, and through bramble.

The poor poet, of virtue who 'd fain be the friend,
Cries the age is corrupt, and he 'll shew it;
But while hunting his brains, the world 's manners to mend,
Pale poverty hunts the poor poet.

While hunting in battle for glory and fame,
Grim death hunts the soldier and sailor;
And the heir, out of cash, who can start no more game,
Is at last hunted down by his tailor.

Country squires dash away, nor their noddles concern
'Bout the world, or its jostlings and crosses,
Till at length, to die bottom, Actæon's they turn,
Eaten up by their dogs and their horses.

Indiscriminate pleasures who chases in view,
Will to pleasure in time fall a martyr,
And the bold fortune-hunter who ran down a shrew,
Will find he was caught by a tartar!

The hunks who hunts riches is hunted by care,
Those who joy hunt, are hunted by trouble:
The chymist hunts gold through fire, water, and air,
And is run down at last by a bubble.

Virtuosos hunt butterflies, courtiers levees,
Patriots hunt for the good of the nation,
Hungry glutons hunt turtle, physicians hunt fees,
And are chased in return by vexation.

Folly hunts the sour misanthrope close at the heels
In the moment at folly he 's scoffing.
And ev'n the death hunter, in coffins who deals,
Is at last hunted into a coffin.

A reciprocal

A reciprocal chase are mankind and their joys,
And this maxim obtains the world over,
Then with reason in view, let's hunt pleasure, my boys,
Till by time we are hunted to cover.

Then, come round me all hunters—in life's hark away,
We have portions of pleasure and sorrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day,
May be game for some hunter to-morrow.

TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

A PARODY.

YON gallant Volunteers! bold, resolute,
Illustriously become their grand review;
The scarlet jacket trimly sets them off,
And the free air suits passing soldierly:
Big Mars seems rampant in their numerous hosts,
And fiercely through their high-plum'd helmets dares:
The quick ey'd Cavalry advance, retreat,
With brandish'd sword in hand: their mettled steeds
Toss up the head, and champ the gorgeous bit,
The foam down issuing from their pamper'd mouths:
Whilst rank and file, the well-train'd Infantry
Go through their motions firm and spirited;
And all defy their foes, the slavish French.
Firm with revenge, impatient for attack,
Description will not suit itself in words
To demonstrate the fury of a battle,
Fought by such heroes as these shew themselves. J. J. B.

VARIOUS EVENTS OF THE DAY.

BUT a few weeks ago
—As some thousands well know—
From Worcester, where old and young swarm'd;
Piping hot all the news
Was about Betty Hughes,
And what miracles she had perform'd.

How the lame and the blind,
Deaf and dumb, and all kind
Of sick patients their ills left behind 'em;
But some infidels say,
'Twas the farce of the day,
And shrewdly ask, where shall we find 'em?

Short-liv'd was the fame
Of this crafty old dame,
Done away is all curious inspection;
After then, what brought on
Fifteen days special fun,
Was the Middlesex ranting Election

Warm disputes and much hate
Did this contest create,
And the mob was so rude and o'erbearing,
That a *Giant refresh'd*
Would have soundly been thrash'd,
If he loudly had shouted—Mainwaring!

Such a hard and long race
Very seldom takes place,
Bets run high, and whate'er may betide it,
I will not pretend,
To say how it will end,
But Saint Stephen's Club leave to decide it.

To enrapture the throng
As the years glide along,
Wonders spring up in every age;
But the rage of the day
Which bears uncommon sway,
Is Young Roscius to see on the stage.

Birmingham. I. F.

RURAL

THE COCKNEY.

A Parody of the Maroon Song, which appeared in our last.

HASTE, haste, Cockney Sportsmen, night's shades have past o'er,
From the dust-cover'd bushes the sparrows have flown;
The pigs have stray'd far from the old farm-house door,
And the echoes of Highgate are waiting their groan.

Ope your day-lights, and peep on the sun's slanting beam;
Arise, brother sportsmen, and dress yourselves warm,
Leave the dull sons of sloth on their pillows to dream,
Let us stride on the whirlwind, and trample the storm.

Hark! the six-o'clock bell calls the sportsman away,
Its shrill sounding note by my window's just past;
The screams of the milkwomen tell us 'tis day,
And the voice of the dustman is borne on the blast.

Then haste, Cockney Sportsmen, night's shades have past o'er,
From the black-berry bushes the sparrows have flown;
The pigs have stray'd far from the old farm-house door,
And the echoes of Highgate are waiting their groan.

J. M.

Kingsland, Nov. 12, 1804.

RURAL PASTIME.

FREQUENT, at early blush of morn,
At infant peep of day,
When glitt'ring dew-drops deck the corn,
I wind my pathless way;

To where yon distant spire, scarce seen,
Embosom'd in the vale,
That peeps the nodding elms between,
Soft sighing 'midst the gale.

There oft, at dewy dawn of day,
I seek the silent stream,
Where willows mark the wat'ry way,
Where sleeping Naiades dream.

'Tis there, with angling ease reclin'd,
With health and pleasing friend,
Calm contemplation lulls the mind,
And all our cares unbend.

While, on the whisp'ring western breeze,
Morn's balmy breath is borne,
That scarce disturbs the fresh clad trees,
Or waves the rising corn.

J. M.

Kingsland, Nov. 1804

THE ACTOR.

To the Memory of Michael Heatton, Esq.

"He was a Man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

HOW versatile his talents! and his range
How various! yet how perfect was each change!
From grave to gay!—whilst dignity and ease,
And chaste propriety, had power to please.
"The modesty of nature" ne'er "o'erstept,"
Insensibly the sweet illusion crept
Through ev'ry scene, till, fiction left behind,
The whole seem'd real to th' approving mind.
He held the mirror up:—all felt, all knew,
And own'd the just resemblance of the view;
Whether, through him, the passing act display'd—
With equal skill, with equal truth pourtray'd—

The

The awkward manners of th' unletter'd Clown,
Or Glo'ster's wily struggles for the crown.
Whether the sly Sir Archy—proud as mean—
Tancred or Wolsey, occupied the scene;
Or, Freeport, Jaffier, or the fat Old Knight,
O'Flagherty—still blund'ring on the right—
Or calm Sir Lucius, Clodpole, or Macbeth;
Or Antony, bewailing Cæsar's death;
Or mad Orestes, or the faithful friend
Who cheer'd Young Denmark's life, and grac'd his end;
Or Cato, musing on the dread profound;
Or Shylock, eager for his forfeit-pound;
One injur'd Moor, by jealous rage inflam'd,
Or One who vengeance as a virtue claim'd.
Or Romeo, mourning o'er his Juliet's bier;
Or, wrung by filial scorn, the frantic Lear;
Or gen'rous Bevil, or false-luring Kite;
A Townly yesterday, a Brute to-night.
Oft as the buskin'd muse the stage possess'd
—What war of passions waging in each breast!—
He was—all nature's richest stores afford—
"The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's—eye, tongue, sword."
"His own discretion,"—"above rule or art,"
"Tutor'd," the action suited to each part:
Whilst, from the speaking eye, each glance that stole
Avouch'd the feeling "comment of the soul."
Or, did the laughter-loving dame intrude her wiles,
With quips, and "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"
With her he frolick'd—wanton as the wind—
As if for scenes of mirth alone design'd;
"Whate'er men act," in him was clearly shewn;
His words the poet's—but the part his own.
Such Heatton was—and taste will still deplore
That excellence which it beholds no more!
Peace to his exit—and "fair time" attend
His ent'rance on the scene that knows no end!

Whitehaven.

HUNTING SONG.

THE sun now peeps o'er yonder hill,
In streaks of golden red,
For shame get up, nor slumber still,
Quit, quit your downy bed.

CHORUS.

For hark! horn and hound are saluting the day,
The fox from his covert is bursting away;
O'er mountains he scampers, we'll double our pace,
Swift vengeance pursues him and gladdens our chase.

Lose, lose no time, to horse, my boys,
Fling off dull drowsy spleen;
The neighing sounds, and deep-tongu'd noise,
Now call us to the green.
For hark! horn, &c.

With rosy health our cheeks shall glow,
Our nerves with toil be strong;
With tides of joy our blood shall flow,
Who join the hunting throng.
For hark! horn, &c.

And when we leave the shouting field,
And night has brought us home,
Libations rich the hall shall yield,
Loud mirth shall shake the dome.
For hark! horn, &c.